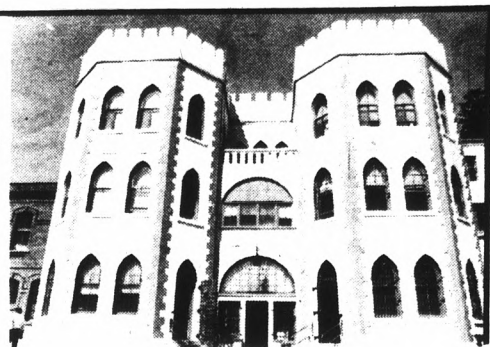




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San  
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State

# PHOENIX

Volume 30, No.15

Thursday, May 20, 1982

## Aid cuts imminent next year

By Sandy Welsh

Financial aid cuts will be modest in the fiscal year 1982/83, according to Jeffrey Baker, SF State associate financial aid director, but an air of uncertainty remains due to a number of factors that will affect the programs, including:

- Tightening of eligibility: Requirements to prove each student's need will be more stringent and will make it more difficult for students to receive aid.

- Inflation: Even though the cuts to financial aid are modest, Baker said, aid is not increasing with the rate of inflation.

- More students are applying for financial aid: Although Baker could not give exact figures, he said more students are applying for financial aid.

"Another problem we're faced with," said Baker, "is that lack of rules for next year." Because Congress works on the budget two years in advance, certain allocations must still be made, due to changing factors in the economy.

The Pell Grant is an example, Baker said. "I'm assuming that students will receive \$900, although this could change later. It makes it frustrating for us because we could tell a student he'll receive a certain amount of money only to have to tell him later it's been reduced."

The largest decrease for fiscal year 1982/83, said Baker, will be in the Supplementary Educational Opportunity Grants (SEOG). Last year, SF State received \$674,201 which was divided be-

See Aid, page 17

## Cleaver heckled at Moonie rally



By Michael Jacobs

SF State student Charles Holly asks former revolutionary Eldridge Cleaver why he now preaches anti-communism and Reaganomics.

## Ex-Black Panther defends USA, CIA

By Dennis Wyss

An anti-communist rally Tuesday featuring former Marxist Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver, who praised and defended a system of government he once vowed to destroy, dissolved into a shouting match between Cleaver and members of the audience.

"House nigger," "damn fool" and "bullshit" were among the many epithets hurled at Cleaver as he stood on a stage in front of the Student Union extolling democracy and denouncing communism to a noontime crowd of about 200.

The rally was sponsored by the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles (CARP), the campus arm of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church. Cleaver has been touring college campuses throughout the state under CARP's auspices.

Cleaver was preceded by three other staunch opponents of socialism: Tuyet Nguyen, who said she escaped Vietnam by boat; Joachim Baum, "a former Communist recruited for East German

intelligence," according to fliers advertising the event, and Arturo Andino, who said he was a former member of the Sandinistas in Nicaragua.

The heckling started almost immediately after Nguyen started reading her speech, and at one point threatened to become violent. When a member of the audience loudly called for Nguyen to "go back to Vietnam," two Vietnamese students lunged at the man, screaming, "Go live in a communist country and see how you like it."

Chants of "CIA, CIA" and "fascist" from the crowd were intermingled with cheering and applause from CARP members who stood in front of the audience, which swelled considerably when Cleaver took the stage to deliver his rabidly patriotic speech.

"The future of the world lies in having democratic governments," said Cleaver, who in the 1960s had advocated the violent overthrow of the U.S. government.

See Cleaver, page 4

## CARP hopes Moon conviction will be reversed on appeal

By Barbara Grob

The most "abused and misunderstood religious leader of the century" will be vindicated with the help of the American court system, according to a statement issued by Unification Church president Moon.

"Justice will be done," Durst said. The Rev. Sun Myung Moon, founder of the Unification Church, was convicted of tax evasion this week in U.S. District Court in New York.

Durst announced he will file an "immediate appeal and pursue every appropriate legal recourse."

SF State coordinator for the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles (CARP), Beverly Berndt, said "We don't think he's guilty. There's a lot of prejudice against the church."

Beth Schatzman, former Unification Church member, said it is not a matter of prejudice. "I simply look at it as a case of tax fraud — no different from any other case. I'm just glad they got him on something. They can't prove

brainwashing." Berndt has been with the church for 11 years. She said members who attended the trial in Manhattan called the jurors "very uneducated. They didn't understand the case," she said.

Schatzman said lying is "very much a part of their (the church's) philosophy." To achieve the goals of the church, members think anything Moon does is "OK, including breaking the law," she said.

Durst's statement ended with, "We shall go forth proudly with renewed strength, love and determination to serve and to bring the healing grace of God to the world."

Members are confident that Moon will win the appeal. "People who know the law, the higher courts, rule with us," Berndt said, referring to two previous Supreme Court rulings in the church's favor. "It's not that we pay people off," she said.

Schatzman said the whole church is based on lies. "I still think he may get away with it," she said.

## Asians celebrate heritage

By Danny Jong

Under the theme, "Asian Pacific People — Rising Tides of Unity and Action," the Asian Student Union participated in a nationwide celebration of ethnic heritage by sponsoring indoor and outdoor programs last week.

May 9 to 16, declared as Asian Pacific Heritage Week in 1978 by then-President Jimmy Carter, was highlighted with an outdoor program on Thursday, an evening of native dance, music and martial arts on Friday and a student dance Saturday night. The dance was marred by the stabbing deaths of two students.

The main event was the indoor program at the McKenna Theater Friday night. The Korean and Vietnamese Student Associations performed a string of

diverse martial art sets, often breaking wooden boards with their hands and feet, for emphasis.

The Pilipino-American Collegiate Endeavor performed a series of native dances. The San Jose Taiko Group of San Jose added spark and volume to the evening by bringing out their large drums to play several selections of traditional Japanese taiko.

The evening concluded with a performance by Visions, a contemporary jazz ensemble from Los Angeles.

The program was also marked by occasional political overtones when Merle Woo, feminist and community activist, recited selections from her poems.

Woo is currently embroiled in a battle to save her teaching position in the Ethnic Studies/Asian American Studies

program at UC Berkeley. Woo was fired in April and is appealing her case to University of California officials, claiming she was terminated because she is a socialist, an outspoken critic of the ethnic studies policies and a lesbian.

The evening's program was received favorably by the audience, which gave a standing ovation to the taiko drummers.

"I enjoyed the show," said Linda Hamaguchi, 27. "I really like the taiko."

"It was a good forum," said Colleen Konishi, also 27. "It's important for the students to heighten everyone's consciousness about school and community concerns. It's too bad this type of program happens once a year. Things go on all the time," she said.

"It's a great expression of Asian-American culture in all forms: dance,

poetry and music," said Randy Senzaki, 39.

Senzaki, who is the records management coordinator in the Educational Opportunity Program, was delighted by the younger generation "being able to merge politics, community, culture, art and education."

Chester Mark, 24, and Nathan Hsu, 23, two of the organizers of the event, said the week's program was a response to the "neglect of culture and language."

"We see American culture as our own culture. We internalize a lot of things about our culture. We try to find the right blend," said Mark.

"You have all the holidays like the Fourth of July," said Hsu. "Not everybody came over on the Mayflower."

## Chili chefs sweat it out — without beans

By Jim Beaver

We should have known we had trouble when word came about the beans. We couldn't use them.

"No beans?" I asked.

H.D. slid the paper across his desk. The rule was sandwiched in among 17 others governing the Fourth Annual Chili Cook-off held May 15 at the Alameda County Fairgrounds in Pleasanton.

"They're saying here that real chili doesn't use beans," I said, but H.D. just stared at his shoes and shook his head.

"Well this just totally screws up our foundation," I said.

H.D., a Texas boy who understands challenges, looked up and stared at me evenly. "Hell, we know what we got, we'll kill 'em anyway."

He was right of course. This was just another rat-infested obstacle from some bureaucratic fools who were about to find out about serious chili.

H.D. and I discovered that our

chili styles blended perfectly when we challenged each other to our own head-to-head chili cook-off last year. We were the only two people who could still speak after that one. Everybody else was crying and making strange gurgling noises and tearing their clothes off.

But the real miracle occurred when we got down to the bottom and decided to throw the two pots together. The result was terrifying. Even H.D. soaked a shirt straight through eating that stuff.

So when we heard about the Pleasanton cook-off we figured God was telling us the world was ready.

When we got to the fairgrounds around 9:30 a.m. Saturday the weather was already heating up. We set up our umbrella and hung our team banner: The Homesick Armadillo Blues Chili.

While my wife and H.D.'s girlfriend carried some equipment to our table, H.D. and I discussed the state of the knots in our stomachs. Excitement was turning to tension. We took it as a good sign.

The contest rules were simple.

From 11 a.m. until noon you cut, chopped, peeled and sliced. At noon you turned on your fire and started cooking. At 3:05 p.m. you turned in a bowl of chili to the judges and at 4 p.m. the judges announced the winners.

Looking around at the other contestants, 63 in all, we knew we were in deep. At least half a dozen had won other contests, including the California Cook-off and the Press Club Cook-off.

By 1 p.m. after sauteing every thing separately, the powders, peppers and meat were together and bubbling away in the 4-gallon pot.

H.D.'s girlfriend tried the first spoonful. "It doesn't have any taste," she said. H.D. lunged toward the pot, but I grabbed him.

"Of course not," I yelled, "it's still in shock, like a good wine a week after bottling. Wait an hour."

By 2 p.m. we knew something extraordinary was happening in the pot. H.D. sat on the table, stirring and looking down into the red mists. Every once in a while he'd stare up at me in awe. "God Jimmy, do you see

what's going on in there?" Quietly we splashed some more tequila into ourselves and the chili. We had a winner.

A judge came by and looked into the pot. "I think that armadillo's almost dead," H.D. said without looking up.

Our 25-member support team had been wandering around tasting other chili. Their totally unbiased consensus put us well in the lead.

At 3:05 p.m. we turned in our offering and walked away arm in arm, unable to speak and suddenly in need of solitude.

At 4 p.m. we were back at the judges' stand, surrounded by our support team, confident and scared spitless.

We finished out of the money — two honorable mentions, fourth, third, second and first place, and the suckers never said our name. Some guy named Al Garcia won the thing.

We headed off to drown our disappointment. When I woke up the next day, I had an entry form for the October Sierra Nevada Regional Cook-off clutched in my hand.



By Alan Grasso

The author (left) takes a break with H.D. Starr, who left Texas under mysterious circumstances.



# Inventors display gadgets

By Sandy Welsh

Who hasn't had to deal with stumbling over furniture in search of the light switch? Laura Uyeda may have solved the problem — she designed bedroom slippers that light the way.

Uyeda and other students from Design and Industry (DAI) 505 (the second of a two-part research and development course) will display their projects including an illuminating drafting pencil and a hand heater for motorcycle drivers, in the Student Union, conference rooms A-E, May 18 and 20 from 2 to 5 p.m.

DAI is a follow-up to DAI 500, which teaches students problem-solving and research techniques. The students identify a problem and try to solve it. In DAI 505 the students make 3-D representations of their solution.

"I encourage the students to find a problem they have burning desire to solve," said Robert Krolick, instructor of DAI 505.

After identifying a problem and working on a solution, students research to discover what's been done already.

"I found that a lot of stuff had been done with shoes that light up, like disco shoes, but that wasn't what I wanted to do," said Uyeda. Instead, Uyeda designed a leather bedroom slipper with a light bulb that is activated by the weight of the wearer. Uyeda said she found that most shoes with lights had an on/off switch, which she said was less efficient than her pressure-sensitive switch.

Draftswoman Kristina Enevold had a problem with shadows. She found shadows on the paper frustrating when she drafted. In the DAI classes she identified the problem, researched it and solved it. The result is a drafting pencil that illuminates the paper.

"I talked to friends about the problem," said Enevold. "When you're drafting you can't add more fluorescent light because it hurts your eyes. So I came up with the idea of a light on the pencil."

Enevold's pencil is made of plastic tubing with a bulb at the top hooked to a battery pack. The plastic tubing pipes the light down the pencil.

Krolick said most of the students' problems arise from experiences, and in the class they get the chance to solve a problem and learn from their work.

The student projects look like professional work and are simple in design. Professionalism, Krolick said, is the key to the process.

"If the project is very well done, the results will look less complicated than the effort it takes to achieve it," said Krolick. "It should be something that looks so simple people think, 'Why



Laura Uyeda shows off battery-lit slippers she designed for late-night jaunts.

## Academix

didn't I think of it?" A good design is a simple design.

Sharon West designed a solution to a problem she said many women have — organizing their purses.

"I get so frustrated when I can't find my keys," said West, "so I designed the 'brief-bag,' and I carry my books in it too."

The bag looks like an ordinary purse from the outside, but inside it is meticulously organized with pockets and slits for specific items and room for books. West carried the bag all semester, making adjustments she applied to her final project. After using the purse,

West said she doesn't know how she got by without it before.

While some of the students aren't interested in marketing their products, some have made the effort, and it has paid off. Krolick said the waterbed and quadraphonic sound system originated in the course, which has been offered for more than a decade. He also said a student in the 500 class is close to licensing a product to a firm on the peninsula.

Because negotiations are still underway between the student and the firm's lawyers, Krolick could not give any details about the product, but said "many thousands of dollars are involv-

ed."

The students spend months researching their projects. For one student, Eric D. Arndt, who designed an advertising campaign for a Maui hotel, the research included a trip to Hawaii. Arndt's father works for a pineapple company that owns the land the Kapalua Hotel is built on. Because he had access to the hotel and is familiar with the island, Arndt designed a campaign which would limit the scope of advertising to reach the desired clientele.

Arndt said the hotel management was helpful during his research and is interested in using his final ad.

For Krolick, teaching the class is rewarding.

"All the students are graduating seniors, and their ideas are refreshing," said Krolick. "They're ambitious and enthusiastic — there's no motivation problem in this class."

# Wind, surf, sails and youth hostels

By R.C. Morgan-Wilde

Want to see a national monument this summer? How about Mammoth Cave in Kentucky or Olympic National Park in Washington? UNESCO provides a complete list of World Heritage Monuments: write World Heritage List, UNESCO, Room 2401, United Nations, N.Y. 10017. Send a self-addressed, stamped business envelope.

Getting ready to hit the open road? Get the auto in shape. The Road Information Program (TRIP), which last year set off a furor when it announced that 50 percent of U.S. bridges were either too old or too weak, has a few new words for roadsters: "More than 460,000 miles of the nation's highways are obsolete. More than 1 million miles of roadway need resurfacing or rebuilding."

"The poor condition of the roads are a major reason for reported accidents or 'near misses.' America has 1980s-style traffic traveling on a lot of Model-T roads."

The Costas Travel Co., 2363 Pruneridge Ave. in San Carlos, has some real flight bargains to Europe: A one-way ticket to Frankfurt, West Germany costs \$325. With a passport and the Eurailpass (available through

travel agencies), Europe lies at your feet.

The Council on International Education Exchange (CIEE), 312 Sutter St., San Francisco, can help you obtain temporary work permits for the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Ireland, New Zealand and Japan.

Where you sleep once you get there: at the American Youth Hostel Association office in Building 240 at Fort Mason you can buy an international membership card for \$14. An international directory of hostels costs a few dollars more and lists places from Cadiz to Tokyo.

Local things: water, surf, sails and seafood.

Take a cruise on the Sausalito/Tiburon ferries.

Seafood bars are multiplying like rabbits. Choose your favorite walking street in the city, and find a new seafood bar.

Beaches? Go to Montara State Beach if you plan to take your family along. Or if it's just you, go on down to Corona del Mar State Beach, south of Newport Beach and north of Laguna on Highway 1.

Educational things: Stanford University is offering a publishing course from June 21 to July 3. Tuition is \$780 (campus housing extra).

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# Child abuse rises as economy dives

By Charlotte Clark

Mary Ellen and Anna have a lot in common, even though they were born 3,000 miles and 100 years apart.

Both were abused children. Mary Ellen was beaten and abused by the couple she had lived with since infancy. Her plight was brought to the attention of the only society dealing with abuse in 1875: the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SPCA).

Mary Ellen, the SPCA contended in court, was a mistreated "animal." Since

parenting are factors to cope with in San Francisco.

It's easier for families with a two- or three-bedroom ranch-style home to send a child to his room when he is acting up. Where does the family with one bedroom in the Tenderloin send a rebellious child?

The high cost of living in San Francisco is another factor, according to Arthur. Federal Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) has not kept pace with the cost of living. Rents are out of sight.

"We've just taken a family out of the Hamms brewery, actually living in the old beer vats," said Arthur. "We relocated them, but not in San Francisco."

A mother and child receiving \$408 a month from AFDC can not afford to live in San Francisco.

The definition of child abuse is highly debated but there are some agreed upon components. Child abuse is a non-accidental injury to a minor by a parent or care-giver. It includes physical or mental injury. The key words are "non-accidental" and "to a minor."

"I'm against child abuse," said Dianne Mahan, SF State Social Work Education instructor. "But I don't always know what it is."

Arthur also said there is a fine line between discipline and child abuse.

The dividing line is drawn around two issues: Is the discipline meant for the correction of the child and not excess frustration or anger the parent is trying to vent? And, more crucial is the severity of the discipline. Spanking a child on the buttocks is one thing — hitting the child across the face, causing injury to an eye, is another.

Determining child abuse in San Francisco is difficult because of the city's melting-pot character. What is viewed as abuse by one culture is viewed as strict but appropriate discipline by another.

The intent of the adult and how the child views the incident are important considerations in determining abuse.

Newly arrived Vietnamese families practice a form of healing called "spooning" or "coining" in which a hot coin or spoon heated over a flame is pressed against the skin to draw out poisons from the blood. Children with burn marks on their backs have been

reported to CES. Is that child abuse? Arthur says it isn't.

The Child Abuse Reporting Law spells out who must report suspected child abuse and provides immunity from liability for anyone who reports it in good faith.

"The child is everybody's link to the community," said Mahan, explaining that parents are involved in a circle of teachers, physicians and dentists who are also interested in the welfare of their child.

Under the law's terms teachers and physicians who fail to report suspected child abuse are guilty of a misdemeanor that can bring them a six-month county jail term and/or a \$500 fine.

Hospitals and physicians account for 24 percent of CES's referrals; police 14 percent; welfare agencies, 13 percent; and 11 percent are anonymous.

In the past, CES reported 25 to 28 percent of its cases as physical abuse. Last year physical abuse accounted for 31 percent of the cases (\$78 referrals).

How will children and child protective services fare in the year of the budget cut?

Children's programs were cut by \$10 billion this year. Paul Smith, director of research for Children's Defense Fund, can only speculate on what the 1983 fiscal budget holds for children. He said he is getting his news from the front page of the New York Times right now, just like everybody else.

Smith expects a freeze on the Social Services Block Grant. Reagan asked for a \$4.28 million cut. Instead the Senate Budget Committee said it would allocate \$2.4 billion — the same amount as fiscal

## Child

child begotten  
child forgotten

child grows, river flows

once begotten  
always forgotten  
child you're not anymore

—ymc



By Yvonne Marie Crowley

year 1982. The same holds true for the Child Abuse Grants, a \$7 million program Reagan wanted to cut to \$2 million.

"Children are shouldering the biggest burden of the cuts in services," said Margaret Brodtkin, executive director for Coleman Children and Youth Services.

Coleman, a child advocacy group, is working on the Children's Defense Fund's Child Watch programs. Child Watch was organized in February 1982 to get communities to look at the effect budget cuts would have on children.

The Children's Defense Fund points out that Reagan proposed an additional \$3 million cut in childhood immunization programs for fiscal year 1982. Meanwhile, the Defense Department spends \$1.4 million on shots and veterinary services for the pets of military personnel. The fund contends that that money could be channeled toward immunizing 35,000 children.

Mahan said the "triage" is becoming a buzz word in social service circles since the cutbacks.

"Triage is an old term, used in World War I, World War II, Vietnam and now Reaganomics," she explained. "It means you take the worst first."

It worked well in medicine, but Mahan is not so sure it will work in child welfare because it shifts priorities to situations that endanger life or limb of

the child rather than the child's total welfare.

Instead of helping families cope with their problems, intervention will only come when the situation has deteriorated to the point that the only solution may be to remove the child from the home.

"Cutting back means we don't have the luxury of referring every case we think needs child protective services," said Arthur. "We'll have to restrict that to the most severe ones where there is the most danger to the child."

## "Children are shouldering the biggest burden of the cuts in services."

Mahan said that children's services are being cut because children are not a high priority. They cannot vote. She wonders how the Department of Social Services can provide support networks; essential to keeping abused or neglected children in the home, to needy families.

Reagan expects that as state agencies are cut back, private and volunteer agencies will step forward.

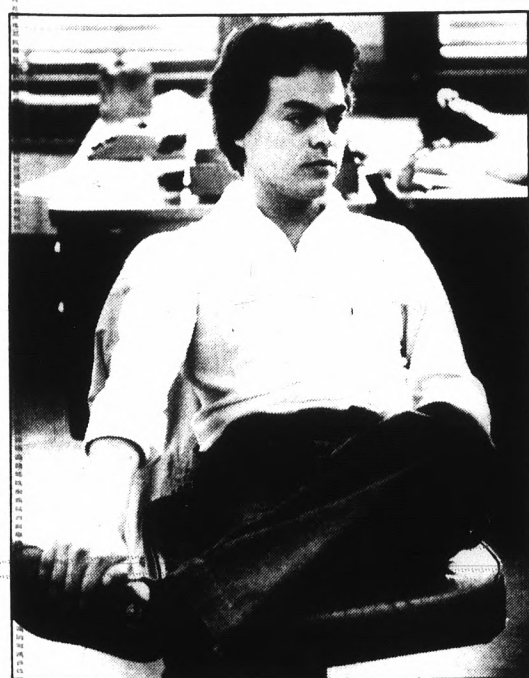
"Unfortunately that doesn't magically happen," said Arthur.

Some of the cutbacks talked about are going to limit free protective services to low-income families. Now a \$50,000-a-year parent is just as entitled to receive these services as a low-income wage earner.

"There are a lot of families in Pacific Heights and Forest Hill who abuse and neglect their children," said Arthur. "Especially in terms of sexual abuse."

He said the cutbacks discriminate against the children of the rich, who may need protective services as much as poor children.

## Student program helps kids



Galileo Medrano and Audrey Dere, center, are graduate students in SF State's social work field program taught by Diane Mahan, right. The unique program for abused children faces an uncertain future.

The pale yellow halls of the Andrew Jackson School reflect a late afternoon languor. The sounds of typewriters and telephones in a second-floor classroom office break the sleepy springtime spell.

Half a dozen graduate students enrolled in SF State's Social Work 740 and 741 frantically rush to finish paperwork and tie up loose ends in a child-abuse field-work program combining academics with actual experience.

The program, unique in the city, faces an uncertain future because of social service cutbacks.

Students handle all cases from neglect to physical abuse and have to blend the diplomatic skills of Henry Kissinger, the

The initial home visit produces the most anxiety, said Dere. Sometimes clients are surprised to find a social worker at their door inquiring about the welfare of their child. Medrano said there are cases where the parents are verbally abusive and definitely do not want a worker present.

Medrano and Dere agree that a lot of the hostility comes from the misconception that the worker is going to take the child away. Once the family realizes this is untrue the tension eases.

The object of the program is to set up a model child welfare unit, and it is unique because it functions as an arm of the Department of Social Services but is

children were being neglected, since a car is not generally considered to be a suitable home.

Armed with a general description of the vehicle but no license number, and an approximate location, Medrano spent days looking for the family to no avail.

Medrano has handled eight cases this year. Dere has worked with three on-going cases, but each led to a web of involvement with other social workers, doctors, teachers, parole officers, relatives and the talk-line. Sometimes family members, husbands and wives are seen separately.

"We take a systems approach," said Dere. "We try to coordinate services with other agencies and people involved."

It is an approach they learn in the classroom that can be directly applied to their work.

The students in the unit this year would make the United Nations envious at their linguistic abilities. Among them they speak five languages: Korean, Mandarin, Cantonese, Spanish and American sign language.

"It was by design that we ended up with a racial and ethnic mix," said Roditti, explaining that the class' makeup reflects the diversity of San Francisco.

The students have made a name for themselves, receiving more referrals than they can handle. Mahan estimates that the student unit has seen more than 100 families during the last two years.

Establishing the program depended on support from the Department of Social Services and developing trust in the idea of a student unit. The negotiation were helped by SF State's close ties with the department. Roditti has served on Department of Social Service committees; Mahan once worked for the Family Services Agency; and Ed Scarsfield, Department of Social Services director, is an SF State alumnus.

Still it took five years to coordinate the effort so that today the Department of Health and Human Services pays Mahan's salary, the phone bill and stipends and tuition for the student workers. The Department of Social Services provides office space, pens, paper and computer printouts.

With the federal money running out, Mahan said they may hold a bake sale to pay the last phone bill of the semester.

Roditti, who has been writing grants for the program since 1974, doesn't know if it will be funded next year.

"My sense is that it's not going to run," she said.

Along with the usual skills in family therapy, crisis intervention, time and caseload management, this year students also learned about legislative and political issues.

With the cutbacks in programs they face problems daily trying to help families find day care or emergency housing when services are drying up. Their program may soon be added to the list.

— C.C.

## Talk line defuses parental violence

The telephone rings. The panicked voice filled with frustration is another parent's cry for help. Coping has become impossible.

441-KIDS is a parental stress line that operates 24 hours a day and averages 300 calls a month.

The TALK Line (Telephone Aid in Living with Kids) was established in 1974 by the Child Abuse Council. Housed at the Family Service Agency in San Francisco, the crisis line tries to defuse parental stress.

The TALK Line serves parents, but at stake is the well-being of the innocent, helpless child.

Calls come in from abusing parents and from callers with simple questions about child development, said Eliana Gil, who started in 1974 as a volunteer and is now the program director.

"Many call to talk about the hardships they are experiencing. Others are third-party calls from grandmothers, neighbors or friends who have reason to believe there may be a problem," said Gil.

The majority of callers are young mothers or older women with young children, although more fathers are beginning to call because of difficulties with adolescent sons.

Often parents wish to remain anonymous or discuss the problem as if it were a friend who was undergoing a crisis.

"They have a hard time sharing their feelings, especially the negative ones. There is a great deal of fear on the line when the parent doesn't want to tell the whole story," Gil said.

"The common feature is one of low self-esteem — 'bad' feelings. We try to give them support for calling in, point out that they're not 'bad' or 'sick,' that it took a lot of courage to reach out for help and advice," she said.

One mother who asked not to be identified, explained that she was sexually abused as a child and classified as a delinquent when she sought help. Later, when she had difficulty with her children, she called the TALK Line and Parent Anonymous.

Instead of continuing the abusive cycle, the abusing mother not only learned how to cope but now counsels other parents during family crises.

One woman wanted to teach her child good table manners, Gil recalled. The mother would force her 10-month-old baby to keep his hands and elbows off the table while being fed and every time the child set them down, she struck him.

The most common cases of abuse

also involve parents' distorted perceptions of the child. According to Christine Lines, coordinator of meetings in Marin County for parents in crisis, abusing parents see the child as an extension of themselves, not as an individual.

The child may have been given the name of the relative who was once an abuser, or the child may be disabled and the injustice felt by the parent transforms love into frustration and physical abuse.

"When parents feel stress during the child's developmental years and discuss it with their pediatrician, the doctor may not want to get involved and, not recognizing the gravity of the situation, refers to it as the 'terrible 2's,'" said Lines.

"Most abusive parents overlove their child. The love often gets distorted into anger, causing physical abuse. The lack, yet need, of intimacy felt by the parent results in sexual abuse," she said.

The TALK Line is staffed by about 70 carefully screened volunteers who have participated in an intensive 40-hour professional training program.

Originally funded by the Junior League, the TALK Line is presently funded through private grants and foundation.

"There's a need for coordination. Most people don't see child abuse or prefer to deny the problem exists. Our greatest need at this time is education and training," Lines said.

The TALK Line refers people to the Respite Care Program, where volunteer parents take the children for a couple of days to alleviate parental stress. The Emergency Family Care Program, a private group home for adolescents, Child and Adolescent Sexual Abuse and Children's Emergency Service (which files reports of suspected child abuse) are also part of the city's child abuse prevention network.

TALK Line also offers a self-help sexual abuse program run by a multidisciplinary team of professionals. Speakers from the line go to elementary and high schools to make kids aware of the problem of sexual abuse.

As summer nears and kids get out of school, calls to the crisis line are expected to increase.

Often parents who abuse their children have themselves been abused in their youth. But research indicates these parents usually want to change their behavior, and given the opportunity, the abusive cycle can be broken.

## Hostility comes from the misconception that the worker is going to take the child away.

patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon.

Audrey Dere, a first-year student, and Galileo Medrano, a second-year student, take time from the endless task of writing reports, intensified by the end-of-the-semester crush, to talk about their experiences.

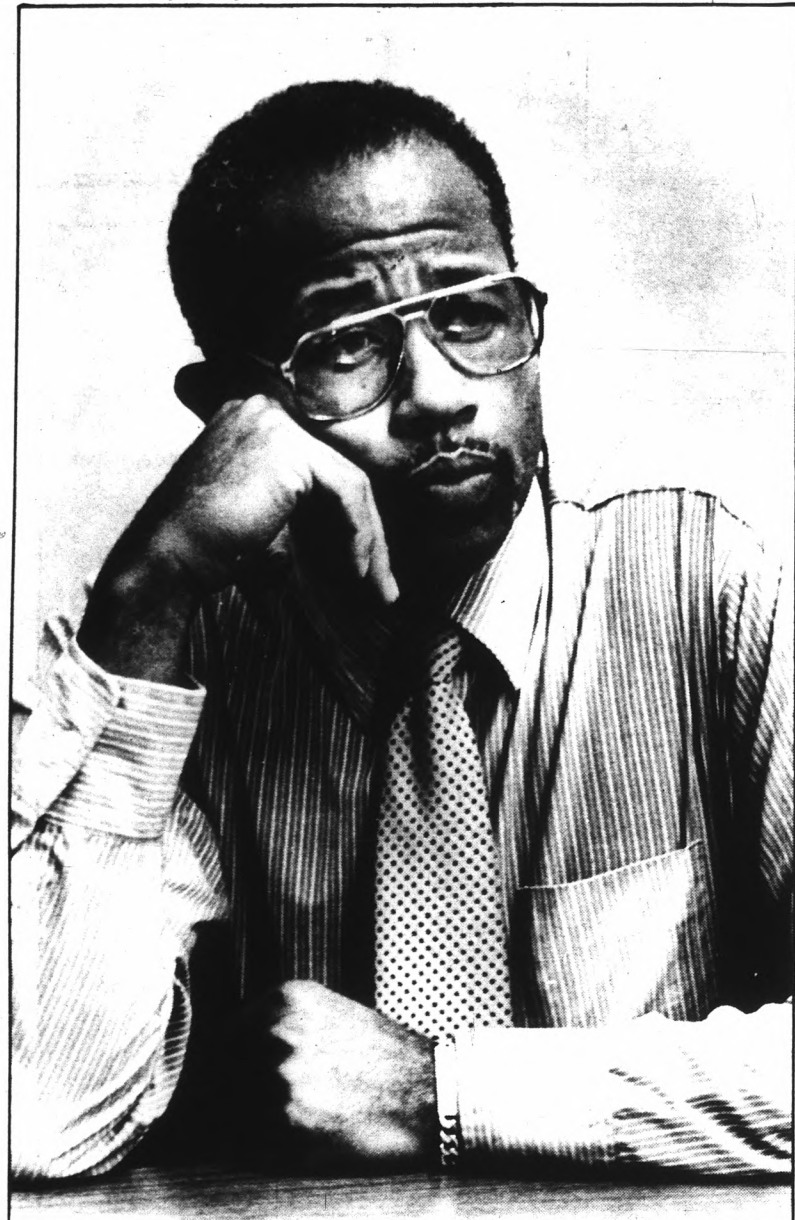
"It's really a tricky situation," said Medrano. "You don't want to interfere with the parents' rights. At the same time you have to protect the child from being harmed."

supervised by Dianne Mahan, an SF State instructor, allowing for a direct link to the classroom.

The unit works closely with Children's Emergency Services, a front-line child abuse referral team. Initial contact on some cases as well as the follow-up is done by the same worker.

Each case is unique, but some are more outstanding than others. Medrano and Dere reminisce about a woman and two children living in a parked car. Some people were concerned that the





By Michael Jacobs

Eldridge Cleaver reflects on his radical change in politics.

# Panther turns capitalist

By Dennis Wyss

"I voted for Ronald Reagan for president," said Eldridge Cleaver, leaning back in his chair, looking around the cool room in the Student Union basement and smiling benignly.

The same face had glared from FBI wanted posters in 1968 after a shootout

between Black Panthers and police left one Panther dead, two policemen wounded and a stretch of Oakland looking like a war zone.

He wore a black leather jacket then, dark glasses and a black turtleneck, and his heroes were Vladimir Lenin and Karl Marx.

Now, 14 years later, his hair is dusted

## Cleaver

Continued from page 1

"I want to say to the people who hate America, who hate democracy — you're barking up the wrong tree," he said.

Cleaver drew hoots and jeers from the audience when he defended American foreign policy in Central America.

"You're irresponsible if all you do is oppose American policy and do not care about people being put into slavery. It's not the American way," he said.

Answering charges from the audience that he is an agent for the CIA — charges he claimed were rumors started by remaining factions of the Black Panthers — Cleaver defended the agency.

"I'm in favor of using the CIA to bring freedom to the world. Every government has intelligence services to carry out its policies. We have to get involved with the government and give the CIA new ideas," he said.

Crowd reaction to Cleaver's speech ranged from bemusement and disbelief to outright contempt.

When a member of the crowd called Cleaver a Moonie, Cleaver spun around, and pointing to the man, said, "It's gonna blow your mind when you find out that the Moonies are smarter than you. Why do you think there's so many of them?" he asked.

"They programmed you, brother,"

muttered a member of the crowd.

By the time Cleaver finished his pitch, the heckling and trading of insults had disintegrated into chaos.

"I'm tired of seeing my tax money going to a bunch of jive people who want to destroy this country," Cleaver said as he left the stage.

One angry onlooker said that he could remember when his high school almost had a riot because school officials banned Cleaver's 1968 book, "Soul On Ice."

"He says we are all Americans, that we are all one in the 'land of the free.' He's forgetting that black people aren't free. We as black people have to unite ourselves before we can unite with anyone else. People like him just keep us apart," said the man, who asked that his name not be used.

"He has his points," said Charles Aspiras, another onlooker. "Some of it made sense, some of it didn't. Both sides didn't want to listen to each other. No one was willing to compromise," Aspiras said.

Beverly Berndt, a member of CARP who helped organize the rally, said the event had gone the way she expected.

"There were a lot of hecklers. They write off everything we say," she said.

a distinguished gray, and he sports gold wire-rimmed glasses, a striped businessman's shirt and a tie. His heroes are Ronald Reagan and the Rev. Sun Myung Moon.

Cleaver had just finished delivering a speech to SF State students that would have made the Gipper beam with pleasure.

He waited for the obvious question, and when it was asked, he nodded his head paternally. Taking a deep breath, he launched into a recitation of his conversion from a radical, gun-toting revolutionary to a briefcase-carrying champion of capitalism.

"I'm 47 years old. I became a Marxist when I was 18. When I was in the Black Panthers, we traveled extensively throughout communist countries as guests of their governments. They loved us because we were examples of communist revolutionaries in action.

"When I settled in Algeria (after jumping bail in connection with the Oakland shootout) I began to receive reports that life wasn't as rosy in the communist world as I thought. People were being put in jail or disappearing.

"At first I wrote it off as just a few aberrations — counterrevolutionaries being punished. But soon it became apparent to me that human rights and freedom were being stifled in these countries on a very large scale.

"Slowly, I began to see the inherent evils in communism and to appreciate the way of life in America. But it didn't happen overnight," he said.

Cleaver explained that CARP, the Unification Church's collegiate organization, is sponsoring his tour of campuses around the state. The Unification Church and its founder and leader, the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, has taken a virulently anti-communist stand.

"I first became associated with the Unification Church in 1978. In early 1979, I spent some time at their retreat,

Camp K (in Northern California), where I studied the teaching of the Rev. Moon and the church members' lifestyle. I found out that on the outside there is a lot of fear about the church.

"But I reached my own conclusion." He pounded his fist on the table for emphasis. "What we are calling 'brain-washed' is some very brilliant information."

Cleaver is asked if he believes that the Rev. Moon is the second coming of Christ. Two church members sitting in on the interview immediately protest. That is open to biblical interpretation, they say, but yes, many would say that the Rev. Moon is the second coming.

"Do you believe that Moon is the Messiah?" Cleaver is asked.

"I resist that kind of question," he answered, glancing at the people seated at the end of the table. "Each man's interpretation of the Messiah is his alone and ..."

"Yes or no?"

"What does that question have to do with ..."

"Yes or no?"

"Well ... no ... but what if he is? I'll say this," he leaned close and his voice lowered to a raspy whisper.

"The Rev. Moon is a very, very heavy man."

Cleaver said his support for Ronald Reagan stems from vindictiveness: he supported Edward Kennedy for the Democratic nomination in 1980 because he felt that Jimmy Carter had abandoned blacks, women and labor — the constituencies that sent him to the White House.

"I was so angry that Carter was renominated that I threw my support behind Reagan. The Democrats deserved to be punished, even if it meant Reagan being elected president. Just look: The

See Panther, page 17

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### PERSONALS

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To Amy, K. The Rising Sun has just set. Pooh-Pooh and Boo-Hoo. Happy Summer to you. Yipeeee.

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Joe Guzman Garcia is a federal prisoner who would appreciate correspondence from anyone. Write: Joe Guzman Garcia, 41332115, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

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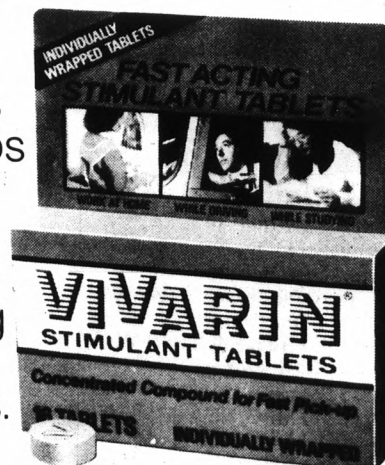


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# Opinion

## Iran: The view from Khomeini's supporters here

By the Muslim Persian Speaking Group

In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful

We are writing in response to several articles that appeared in the May 6 Phoenix, concerning Islam and the Islamic Republic of Iran. These articles were filled with distortions about Islam and the Islamic Revolution.

The Muslim people of Iran succeeded in their revolution, which aimed to establish a government based on Islamic teachings, whose cardinal belief prohibits submission to any authority but God. This principle has made the Islamic Republic of Iran major opponents of oppression, intervention in the internal affairs of other countries and imperialism. For this reason a massive misinformation campaign was launched by the U.S. government against the Islamic Republic. We believe the articles in the May 6 Phoenix have — knowingly or otherwise — reflected this propaganda effort.

One of the organs for this misinformation campaign has been the self-proclaimed "Amnesty International" which represents the cultural side of imperialism. Following the same idea of "white man's burden," this organization tries to apply its Western value systems to the rest of the world, and expects them to conform to its standards. Amnesty International claims to have evidence of torture in Iranian prisons, as well as documents which allegedly prove execution of political opposition without due process of law. Phoenix quoted Larry Cox, deputy director of Amnesty's New York office as saying, "We have many reports from a wide variety of high-placed sources inside Iran."

However, these sources and documents have never been published by Amnesty, because, in fact, they do not exist. For example, the West German branch of Amnesty was asked for evidence to prove its claims against the Islamic Republic. After three months of delay the head of the branch replied: "I have not yet obtained complete documents and information on executions in Iran. I hope that I would be able to prepare a reply for you in the future."

One fact that understandably has never been mentioned in this discussion is that Bahais historically have cooperated with foreign governments, serving as spies or agents. Even the initial creation of this political party in the 19th century was engineered by the Russian government. Later, the government of England became the main supporter of Bahais, honoring their leader, Abbas Afandi, with titles of "Sir" and "knight" for his services to English imperialism during World War I. Bahais collaborated very closely with the Shah's regime, occupying top positions in his fascist state machinery.

Today, with their headquarters in occupied Palestine, many Bahais in Iran are serving as spies for the Zionist entity of Israel, and are involved in sabotage against the government of the Islamic Republic. It is very easy to understand the reason behind their close ties with the Zionist usurpers. As an official of U.S. Bahais stated, "We prefer that our new 'religion' be adopted in the new Israeli state for our future is closely tied to the future of Israel."

Hence, the trial and execution of those spies and foreign agents who happened to be Bahais is not because of their so-called religious affiliation, since anyone convicted of the same crimes would face the same punishment, regardless of his or her religion.

The allegation concerning the repression of women in Islam and the Islamic Republic of Iran is an absurd proposition whose falsity would easily be established by a glance at the teachings of Islam, the Constitution of the Islamic Republic, Imam Khomeini's remarks and the actual role of Muslim women in the Islamic Iran.

The Muslim women in Iran along with their brothers are determined to establish the rule of Allah in Iran and observe Islamic laws which include Hijab (decent covering) for both men and women. The Muslim women in Iran do not believe the bankrupt social system of the West should be imitated in Iran, and would direct that attention of those Iranian students at SF State, who are so much in love with the American system and who are obsessed with American sexual life, to the rising number of crimes and rapes and the feeling of insecurity from which an American woman suffers as soon as she leaves home, day or night.

We would like to inform our Iranian friends that their "liberated" Western woman model has now become no more than a sex object, and still paid much less than a man for the same performance, while in Islamic society the value of women as human beings and important parts of the Islamic Umma is vehemently preserved and guarded, and by law women have to be paid equally with men for the same performance.

We hope that this brief note has helped to clear any misunderstanding or misconception about Islam and the Islamic Republic that the author of these articles might have had. However, if the distortions and fallacies in these articles have been intentional, we only would like to assure the author that these attempts to destroy the Islamic Revolution are in vain, as the events in the past three years have proven. As Qur'an states:

"They desire to extinguish the light of Allah, but Allah will perfect His light, though the unbelievers be averse."

(Qur'an — 61:8)

situation is not as bleak as indicated by the published data.

— Arthur C. Lathan  
Affirmative Action Coordinator

### Child Care

## Letters

### Correction

I liked Laura Broadwell's article of April 22 about my testimony in attorney F. Lee Bailey's drunk driving trial. She accurately stated my point of view.

However, there is a crucial error. I did not tell the court that I saw him leaning against his car. Instead, I said I noticed him standing upright. Had I seen him leaning, my statement would have probably reinforced the argument that he was drunk. The jury might have then convicted Bailey.

Robert E. Graves

### Clarification

I want to commend your reporter for fairly comprehensive coverage of affirmative action at SF State. The story in your May 13 edition was reasonably balanced and accurate. However, I want to correct some statistical misinformation. The paragraph stating, "The number of minorities in full-time and part-time positions has increased only 1.7 percent in the last decade" is incorrect.

It is true that the proportion of minority faculty has increased by 1.7 percent in relation to the total faculty, but the number of minority faculty has increased by 73 percent in the period studied. The number of minority faculty rose from 155 in March 1972 to 268 in March 1981, while the total faculty rose from 1,104 to 1,708. In addition, the 13.5 percent increase reported for women should also refer to proportion. The number of women faculty actually rose from 261 to 631 in the same period, or a numerical increase of 142 percent. The corrected figures suggest that the

I must reply to Carolyn Brook's letter of May 13 regarding the funding of the Childcare Center. Since Brooks is so obviously concerned with the "delivery of facts," I find it ironic that she neglected to "deliver" the following:

The original budget proposed for the Childcare Center by the AS for the 1982-83 was \$25,000, a substantial cut from the \$32,000 allotted last year.

In addition, a stipulation was made that the infant care program would have to be discontinued. These facts were initially presented at a budget hearing April 28 to an audience of justifiably outraged parents.

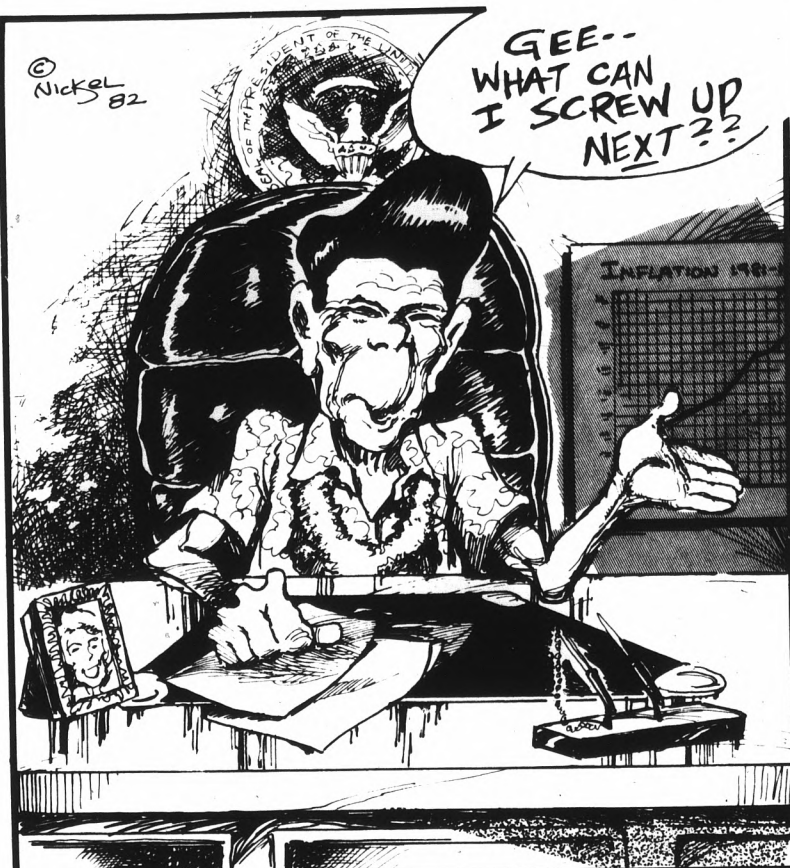
Brooks was present at that meeting. On the very next day, several parents, myself included, and the director of the center met with AS officers Jeff Kaiser and Rob Kamai in an attempt to educate them with regard to the vital need for childcare on campus and to emphasize how essential it is for those students with small children committed to finishing their education.

I am convinced that if concerned parents had not organized and brought pressure to bear, the AS would have proceeded to slash our budget and do away with the much-needed infant care program. Brooks seems to imply in her letter that the \$32,000 figure was the one originally offered to the center, and this is just not true.

As for the Childcare Center only serving a small number of students, that problem could easily be solved with increased funding. We currently have a waiting list of 140.

Our service can only extend within the limitations of our budget, and cuts certainly will not allow us to serve more students.

I defy Brooks to point out any essen-



## Iran: Possibilities for a new regime

By Rick Narcisso

Following the release of the American hostages in Iran more than a year ago, banner newspaper headlines concerning Iran and its mysterious leader, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, have all but disappeared.

Last June, Iranian events once again made front page headlines, this time telling the public of a huge bomb explosion that killed several key government leaders.

The group responsible for the blast was the Mujahedin e-Khalq (people's crusaders), known here as the Peoples Mujahedin of Iran (PMOI). It is the most visible of all the groups which comprise the National Council of Resistance, a broad-based coalition committed to overthrowing the Khomeini regime and replacing it with a six-month transitional government outlined by PMOI leader Masud Rajavi and deposed Iranian president Abolhassen Bani-Sadr.

Three Iranian students at SF State, identifying themselves only as Amir, Fariba and Farah, are waiting for this change.

"The Mujahedin believe in Islam and want to practice it, but not Khomeini does," said Fariba.

"The fight is between two Islams," Amir explained. "The only reason Khomeini is still in power is because of the atmosphere of fear and terror he has

created. No one can speak out. Even young girls, pregnant women and the elderly are shamelessly dragged to the firing squads."

Fariba added, "We are trying to show another, true, Islam. He is trying to go back hundreds of years. We believe that science, technology and progress must be realized. This is our Islam."

Mujahedin ideology also adheres to liberal politics and socialist economic doctrine under a democratic system according to the PMOI platform.

The three students point out that although the PMOI oppose foreign involvement in Iran's internal affairs, they would welcome free trade and diplomatic relations with any country.

"We want development, but we also want independence, equality of the sexes and fair laws," Fariba said. "This is just the opposite of Khomeini's view that Iran should be surrounded by a fence."

Farah added, "Half of the mujahed martyrs are women. We represent equality. We fight shoulder to shoulder. This is not theory, it is practice."

Since the bombing of the government offices last summer, Amir estimates that more than 60,000 people suspected of opposing the government have been executed and countless more are being tortured.

"Khomeini thinks he was sent to rule Iran by God and anyone who opposes him is also opposing God, so they are executed," he said while flipping through a photo album depicting freshly-executed opponents, some of whom were pre-teenage girls.

"Rajavi and Bani-Sadr will go back to

## Lying for aid

By Daphne Gray

I get so damn mad every year when the time for filing financial aid applications comes along.

I'm a widowed parent with three college-age offspring. I live comfortably enough but don't have the resources to pay for higher education for my children — I'm struggling to get a belated higher education myself. They don't qualify for financial aid because I am not poverty-stricken.

All three are over 18, the so-called age of independence, and the youngest has not lived with me since 1976.

I am enraged that my financial status must be revealed on the forms. That is none of anybody's business — except

one person could possess; a life, a dream and the chance to grow old.

He stole a gift that can't be replaced. What gives this creature the right to grant life or snuff it out at his choosing? He chose . . . they did not . . . he lives . . . their dreams are now but wishful thinking.

Some may say it was an act of fate, others will blame society. I choose to be more of a relativist. Some leech, whose only claim to fame is the brutal and tragic attack on four human beings, of whom he murdered two — he is responsible. The creatures that crawl in the shadows have found another fiend, while we, the living, mourn . . . I hope, if a heaven exists, our friends are at peace.

B.M. Sherr  
AS Vice President

### Leech

A leech came into our home last week. When the parasite crawled away, he took with him the greatest treasure that

## The roots of violence

"Are the recent stabbings at SF State the start of a new wave of senseless campus violence?" asked a sensationalistic TV announcer after last Saturday's Student Union murders.

Hardly. It is true that this is the third highly publicized campus attack in recent months. (SF State student Doris Collum was recently stabbed in an elevator, and a City College instructor was also gunned down.)

But if there is a wave of violence on campuses, it can be better understood as a wave of violence in society at large.

SF State administrators have tossed around the idea of stationing armed guards at dances to prevent similar attacks in the future. To decide if that would work, we must know what is causing the violence in the first place.

Arlene Wolberg of the Center for Mental Health in New York City has conducted research which points to a direct link between violence and economic factors.

According to her studies, rising unemployment and/or entrapment in dehumanizing work causes increases in aggression, battering, physical illness, suicide, homicide, hospitalization rates, divorce, illegitimacy and teenage pregnancies.

Ralph Catalano and David Dooley of the Public Policy Research Organization at UC Irvine conducted tests which indicated that changes in the social mood can be accounted for by recent changes in economic conditions. The researchers found that the level of unemployment had a lot to do with people's moods.

In addition, potentially violent people are prone to internalizing the stressful climate around them, and can be pushed over the brink as their economic situations worsen, according to Paul Murray, program supervisor at the Westside Aftercare Program of the Family Service Agency, a support facility for people released from psychiatric institutions.

Murray said the mental health care system has been reduced so drastically during the last five years that it can only focus on very high-risk individuals. He said that people with a history of psychiatric disorders are treated with chemicals rather than counseling in order to save money.

It will not be surprising, then, if as the level of stress goes up in the United States, more seemingly random violence such as the incident last Saturday occurs.

Armed guards will not stop it.

Locking people up will not stop it.

Only reducing the stress will help. And that means creating jobs, providing people with health care, and in general making the world a decent place in which to live.

No small task, granted. But it's the only solution.

Iran," Amir declared. "The internal problems, the Iraqi war and the cultural suppression is sending the government down the road to self-destruction."

"The assassination of Khomeini and a coup are out of the question. We will wait until the people are ready to raise up. You'll notice the crowds in the streets during the hostage crisis are not around anymore," he said.

Fariba said the taking of hostages would never have occurred under a PMOI government. Instead, she said, any grievance with the United States would have been taken up at the International Court of Justice at The Hague.

"If the NCR and PMOI fail in liberating Iran, we have nothing to look forward to," Amir said. "Iran would be dismembered by every nation in the region. Iran is the focal point. A failure could cause the Middle East to erupt and cause World War III."

Fariba said anyone wishing to support the PMOI-backed effort to allow an International Red Cross-Amnesty International observation delegation to go to Iran should write to the Secretary General of the United Nations, United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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Many letters were received this week in response to remarks made by Journalism Department Chairman Leo Young in last week's Phoenix. These letters are on page 7.



# Vicious double murder stuns SF State community

## Friends of the two slain reflect

By Claire Holmes  
and Danny Jong

### Daniel Tiedemann

Keith Ohira's voice shook as he spoke of his friend Daniel Tiedemann. He talked hesitantly, dictating a memorial message from Tiedemann's friends.

Tiedemann, a BCA student, and Alex Tang, a design and industry major, were stabbed to death at a dance Saturday night in the Student Union. Students David Eck and Raymon Ng, were wounded in the incident.

"He had a great personality and a gift of making people laugh," said Ohira, a neighbor of Tiedemann's at Verducci Hall.

Tiedemann, 22, was to start working at KQED two days after he was killed. He grew up in San Rafael, attended Marin Catholic High School, and was to graduate from SF State's Broadcasting department in May. A diploma will be awarded posthumously.

Ohira said Tiedemann followed the San Francisco Giants and the 49ers, and knew a lot of sports trivia. He did good impersonations, according to Ohira, and always volunteered for things, especially for KQED.

"He was a serious student, somewhat quiet and always willing to help others," said Quinn Millar, one

of Tiedemann's professors in the BCA department. "He was a good student who worked well with others, and this is a terrible loss to both his family and friends."

"He was always smiling," said Anne Hafner, who lived next door to him last semester. "He knew what he wanted to do, and if something went wrong or got in the way, he would pick up and go on."

A statement from eight of Tiedemann's friends expresses the sentiment of those who knew him: "We will miss you a great deal and in our hearts we will forever treasure the great times together. Rest in peace, and love always, Carla, David, Karen, Keith, Lily, Lyann and Susan."

He is survived by his parents, Henry and Florise Tiedemann; sisters Lisa Ungerer and Regina Tiedemann, and a brother, Henry Tiedemann.

### Alex Tang

Friends who knew Alex Tang, 21, described the design and industry major as a "self-motivator" and an energetic person.

"He was my best friend," said William Tang, 17, Alex's brother.

William said that because he spent so much time with his older brother it was hard to pick out his fondest remembrance of Alex from the

wealth of memories.

David Wentura, an instructor in the Design and Industry Department, was Tang's academic adviser. He described his student as above average, enthusiastic and sincere.

"He was a very eager student, sometimes almost too eager, to the point that I have shared with him the idea of slowing down and letting some of his education 'sink in.' That is to say, he was willing to do his share and more," Wentura said.

Describing his feelings about the incident, Wentura said, "I guess there are all kinds of semantic words you can use, words like tragic. But those kind of words don't describe the situation. It's probably best to say nothing."

Tang immigrated to the United States from Hong Kong in 1968. He and his family lived in San Francisco until they moved to Walnut Creek in 1975.

After attending high school and junior college in the East Bay, Tang transferred to SF State in the fall semester of 1981. He planned to graduate next semester.

Tang is survived by his parents, Raymond and Lucinda, his brother, William, and his sister, Sandra.



## Fiberglass health hazard — questions remain unanswered

By Don Watts

A new generation of skyscrapers is clawing its way toward the stars in San Francisco's Financial District. In accordance with the city's building code, the steel beams of the new buildings must be treated with a fire retardant.

Periodically, thick globs of the stuff plunge to the street below, where the unwary assume they've encountered a gull of truly legendary proportions.

### Services planned for Friday

A memorial service for Alex Tang and Daniel Tiedemann will be held Friday, May 21 at 1 p.m. in the Barbary Coast. Student Life Services and the Student Union invite the campus community to attend.

In memory of Tang and Tiedemann, a memorial fund will be established. Contributions can be delivered to the Student Union information desk. For more information, contact the Asian Student Union at 469-1958 or Student Life Services at 469-2171.

But the chance of being hit by a falling glob is not the only nuisance connected to the application of these fire retardants, according to Mark Yano, an inspector for the city's Bureau of Environmental Health Services.

Yano said that on several occasions he has noticed minute fibers floating in the air when a popular fire retardant, Monokote-M5, was being applied at various construction sites.

Although Monokote appears on the city's Product Approval List, Yano became concerned that the fibers might be asbestos — a known carcinogen and a highly regulated material. When he checked with the products distributor, the W. Grace Co. of Oakland, he was told the visible particles were fiberglass, not asbestos.

Since fiberglass is considered a non-toxic "nuisance dust," Yano said there was nothing more he could do.

Yano stressed that fiberglass is not presently considered a carcinogen or a serious health hazard.

The use of fiberglass, which was developed in the 1930s, has grown dramatically in the last 20 years because of its high tensile strength and insulating qualities. It now has more than 30,000 different applications ranging from fire-resistant drapes to spacecraft insulation.

The short-term exposure to fiberglass is known to cause skin rashes, eye irritation and minor respiratory problems.

But a 1977 study by the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) reports that fiberglass has produced cancerous tumors in the stomach linings of laboratory animals injected with it.

The report says, however, that the experiment's results "cannot be extrapolated directly to conditions of human exposure. On the basis of currently available information, NIOSH does not consider fibrous glass to be a substance that produces cancer as a result of occupational exposure."

Despite this conclusion, the NIOSH report recommends 30 voluntary standards for workplaces using fiberglass.

There are currently no binding federal standards concerning exposure to fiberglass. But lingering doubts and unanswered questions remain.

Joel K. Wong, the senior industrial hygienist for Cal OSHA in San Francisco, explained the difference between asbestos and fiberglass largely as a matter of particle size.

Wong said the current nuisance-dust standard allows 30 million particles of fiberglass per cubic foot of air, as opposed to two fibers of asbestos per cubic meter (a meter is about 3.3 feet), a standard he said is acceptable given the current available data. "But," he said, "who knows what we may find in 10 years?"

## Trial date to be set Tuesday in Trujillo court case

By Claire Holmes

Remie Trujillo, accused of murdering two SF State students and attempting to murder two others, stood before Municipal Court Judge Raymond Williamson in San Francisco for his arraignment Tuesday.

After Williamson read the charges, Trujillo, 41, attempted to make a statement about the case, asking the judge, "When, when can I speak?"

Williamson warned Trujillo against self-incrimination and said, "I suggest you say nothing." He continued the case until next Tuesday, when Trujillo will enter a plea and a trial date will be set.

As Williamson read the charges out loud, the suspect stood in the courtroom with his arms folded across his lower torso, repeatedly flexing his right hand into a tight fist.

The suspect is also charged with attempted murder of SF State student David Eck, 21, and Raymon Ng, 20, of City College. Both were wounded in the attacks during a dance last Saturday night in the Student Union.

Trujillo is being held without bail for the murder of SF State students Alex Tang, 21, an industrial design major, and Daniel Tiedemann, 22, a broadcast communications major.

Police reports say the incident started when Trujillo was refused a \$4 admission refund. Tiedemann and Eck were acting as plainclothes security guards for the Student Union.

When Eck refused to refund Trujillo's admission, police said, Trujillo returned downstairs where he argued with other people attending the dance. Tang and

Tiedemann were fatally wounded and Eck and Ng were wounded when the assailant turned on the crowd with a knife. Eck and Ng have both been released from San Francisco General Hospital.

According to the Department of Corrections in Sacramento, this is not the first time Trujillo has been in jail. In 1970, the suspect was arrested in Los Angeles for vehicle theft. He escaped from the Sierra Conservation Center in Sonora, was recaptured and later paroled in 1972.

He was arrested again for robbery and paroled in 1977. That same year he was convicted for assaulting a man at a bus stop, and was paroled in 1980. He was released from parole supervision in August 1980.

## Dancers and Dreamers



Life can be difficult . . . a thinker thinks, three dancers dance.

By Toru Kawana

## Advising Day was short on advising

By Jim Beaver

The lack of Advanced Standing Evaluations (ASE) for transfer students at Advising Day last Thursday, appeared to cause students more trouble than was anticipated.

Of a dozen transfer students questioned at random, all but one said that not having ASEs resulted in scheduling problems. The comment heard most often was that advisors had told students to "wait for the evaluation" before committing themselves to classes in the General Education program.

Rick Gutierrez, who works in the Advising and Counseling Center, said, "One student told me the GE program sounded like a good plan but why didn't we wait until we had it together?"

Gutierrez said without the evaluations he had been unable to tell students specifically what classes to take and not to take. "I told them to stay away from courses that were questionable and stick with courses they knew they needed" he said.

Pam Hagen, who supervises the evaluations for the Office of Admissions, said although faculty advisors had attended conferences about the GE program, the conferences had concerned "the GE program in general and not necessarily sitting down reading a transcript."

Denise LaFontaine, a 20-year-old transfer student from Monterey Peninsula College, said she had been unable to schedule any GE courses without an

ASE. "The advisor told me to wait for the evaluation," she said. "This has set me back about two hours today."

Janae Hamby, 19, from Cal-State Stanislaus, said, "There's nothing you can really accomplish. It's kind of a disaster for me because I don't have enough information about which of my business classes are appropriate."

David Hite, 20, also from Stanislaus, agreed, "Everything rests on the evaluation."

"I was very pleased with my advisor," said Mary Fetherolf, 23, from Boston College. "He spent an hour and a half with me working out a tentative schedule. It's a very complicated GE program."

## inside student govt. SUGB fusses around

by Bill Coniff & Jim Beaver

The Student Union Governing Board, on orders from acting managing director Dan Cornthwaite, is keeping a tight lid on information coming from the Student Union concerning the stabbing deaths of Alex Tang and Dan Tiedemann, both SF State students.

Both students were hired by the Student Union as security monitors for Saturday's Asian Student Union dance.

The SUGB met in closed session with its lawyer yesterday, and discussion very likely centered on the Student Union's status vis-a-vis possible wrongful-death suits.

If the lawsuits are filed, they will probably hinge on the nature and amount of training monitors receive, not just in handling "negative" situations, but in protecting themselves.

President Paul Romberg refused to accept a proposal from the board's rules committee that would effectively remove him from the process of selecting a managing director.

The proposed change would put the selection process

solely in the hands of the board, with the president approving the selection only after the board had made its choice.

Under the old rules, the board sent the president three names. The president would recommend his choice, and the board would "elect" that candidate.

Obviously the president liked things the old way.

The board has to decide what to do fast, because the search committee is prepared to submit three names to the board for perusal and possible selection at a special board meeting next Wednesday. That selection would be null if the president doesn't change his mind.

The board continued to iron out the way it handles the evaluation of the managing director. It decided to eliminate from the evaluation form the rating categories of "Excellent," "Outstanding," "Satisfactory" and "Unsatisfactory."

Faculty representative Eric Solomon objected because, "Performance is not quantifiable," he said.

## First woman in SF State senate

By Douglas Amador

Psychology Professor Becky Loewy became the first woman to head SF State's Academic Senate when she ran unopposed Tuesday.

Three other senate members were nominated but declined to run.

Loewy, chairwoman of the Faculty Affairs Committee for two years, replaces biology Professor Bernie Goldstein for the 1982/83 academic year.

"It's important for the Academic Senate to maintain a vital role for itself within the university," Loewy said at the senate's annual end-of-the-year party.

"The biggest change we expect here will have to do with collective bargaining. What happens the next few years will determine what role the Academic Senate plays."

Anita Silvers, co-chairwoman of the

Philosophy Department, was elected vice chair of the Academic Senate, replacing Ann Shadwick. Silvers recently retired from the Statewide Academic Senate after serving nine years.

Silvers had to beat Bill Hopkins in a run-off election. Hopkins was elected secretary of the senate, while Psychology Professor Tom Spencer and Ethnic Studies Professor Dan Gonzales were elected first and second members at large, respectively.

The Academic Senate also approved a proposal to allow students to file grievances against faculty or university staff for reasons other than grade changes.

President Paul Romberg rejected a similar proposal last semester, prompting the Student Affairs Committee to revise the student grievance procedures. "I think we made enough changes

that (Romberg) will find acceptable," said Bernice Biggs, a senate member and chairwoman of the Student Affairs Committee.

Biggs said one of the principal changes in the proposal was the inclusion of university staff.

The senate delayed for another reading a proposal that would require the university bulletin, class schedule and instructors to warn students that credit no credit grades may be interpreted as "C" and "F" grades, respectively, by other institutions.

"I think we need to revise our whole implementation of the credit no credit policy so the students will have more flexibility," said Silvers. "The student ought to be able to discuss the option with the instructor after going through a good chunk of the course."



# Response to journalism chair's remarks

## Letters

The following letters were written in response to remarks made by Journalism Department Chairman Leo Young in last week's "Insight" story. His comments were on the Journalism Department's hiring policies, especially with regard to women and minorities.

### Qualified

Chairman Leo Young's comments in your May 13 issue regarding the enrollment and employment of women and people of color in the Journalism Department are misleading, unprofessional and absurd.

As the subject of some of Young's comments, I must first clarify a few points. First of all, his remark, "If Black Studies and La Raza didn't offer journalism, we'd have more (ethnic students)," is misleading because I haven't taught La Raza Journalism for years.

Secondly, his remark that I am not qualified to teach in the Journalism Department because I don't have experience working on a daily newspaper is also misleading. I've worked as a daily general assignment reporter for United Press International, and I have been publishing a monthly newspaper for 12 years. I wonder if that criteria holds true for every faculty member in the Journalism Department?

I also found Young's remarks regarding my possible employment in the Journalism Department to be very unprofessional. A year ago, I informed Young about my interest in teaching in the department. After all, I was a graduate from the department with various accomplishments — several writing awards, the first editor of Prism magazine, photo editor of Phoenix and president of Sigma Delta Chi (SDX).

I have also received a master of arts degree in journalism from Stanford University, and I have lectured extensively throughout California on community journalism. In recent months, La Raza Studies Department Chairman Roberto Rivera had several discussions with Young regarding my possible employment. During that time, Young was vague and noncommittal. So, you can imagine how surprised I was to read Young's comments about any future I might have in the Journalism Department. Frankly, I believe this was an unprofessional, disrespectful and cowardly way of communicating his true feelings about my candidacy.

In closing, Young's remarks suggesting that people of color might not be enrolling in journalism courses because of journalism courses offered through Black Studies and La Raza Studies are simply absurd. If Young is really concerned about this problem, he (or the department) should conduct a full investigation, rather than make flippant remarks that have no basis in fact.

I hope that Young's philosophy is not shared by the majority of journalism students and faculty. I would like to believe that the department has more going for it than archaic excuses for its present posture. By his comments, Leo Young has only served to inflame those issues that have long been simmering within the Journalism Department.

— Juan Gonzales  
A qualified candidate  
from La Raza Studies

### "With it"

Your May 13 article dealing with affirmative action was very disturbing and inflammatory. We, as Raza, will not stand for any form of racism, and we are determined to correct any false impressions of our goals and aspirations as Raza students in higher education.

As students of Juan Gonzales, we feel that Leo Young's remarks are very unprofessional and racist. Juan Gonzales has more than exemplified his capabilities as a journalist and educator.

Numerous students can testify to his dedication, commitment, skills and knowledge. He has given years of service to the community in many aspects, the most notable being the founding and creation of El Tecolote, a non-profit bilingual community newspaper. For the past 11 years he has been the driving force behind the newspaper, editing, writing articles, coordinating production, fundraising and other daily tedious work necessary to make El Tecolote a success. This publication is unique and a definite asset to the Latino community.

Young alludes to Juan as not having the qualifications necessary to teach in the Journalism Department. On this point, we must strongly disagree. Since his graduation from SF State's Journalism Department, where he was active in the Journalism Club and the production of the Phoenix, he has gone on to receive his master's from Stanford University in communications. He has also worked with United Press International. We feel that Juan is more than "with it" and should be a prime candidate for any future position — for example, the community news reporting class offered by the Journalism Department.

We will no longer stand for blatant prejudicial and discriminatory acts attempting to discredit the outstanding

qualifications of our people solely because of white racist attitudes as Young so clearly expressed in your article.

It is the duty of this public institution to see that all people of color are represented, particularly by hiring Third World people as permanent faculty within all departments.

Armando Denys  
Chair, La Raza Organization

### Role models

Not only did your article of May 13 show the naive racist and sexist demeanor of Journalism Department Chairman Leo Young, it was also a shoddy piece of journalism.

I too "move in promptly" when I see racial discrimination, and this article compelled me to respond.

In the second column, Young states that he would not actively seek out a minority for a full-time position in the Journalism Department. He said that he would not think in that direction and would be looking for the "best possible person." This implies that a minority could not possibly be the "best possible person."

Young said the composition of the faculty does not have a negative effect on the students. How does he know this? I don't know of one student that he has discussed this with. As a black man who has been in the Journalism Department for the past 2½ years, I know that it has had an adverse effect on me, and it has also affected at least three other blacks, one Asian and one Mexican-American student in the department that I have discussed the matter with personally.

How does Young know that having no women on the faculty doesn't have a negative impact on women students? Did he take a survey? His statement about the women being "tough" speaks for itself.

The importance of role models in personal development is essential. I'm sure most psychologists and people with some modicum of common sense would agree.

I worked with the Summer Program for Minority Journalists at U.C. Berkeley last summer, and meeting other minority journalists was a reassuring, positive and invaluable experience for me. This program has trained almost 200 minority journalists over the past decade, and only exists because of the racism which permeates the newsrooms of the major dailies of this country which Young alludes to as making one eminently "qualified."

When you see someone like yourself performing in a role which you aspire to, it permeates through all the negative reinforcement you receive, which is cer-

tainly a problem in the Journalism Department.

The Kerner Commission of 1968 stated that part of the problems of minorities in this country was the way they were perceived in the press. This was due to the white male-dominated new media.

Young also said, "If Black Studies and La Raza didn't offer journalism we'd offer more." This is one of the "political ploys" he mentions later on, only this one is his own. Black Studies and La Raza offer one or two classes, not an entire curriculum, and these classes only exist because the Journalism Department refuses to acknowledge the existence or importance of minority news, much as the professional newsgatherers do. Most of them are involved in a good-ole-boy network and are of the same mind-set.

Juan Gonzales teaches La Raza journalism and is mentioned in the article. Gonzales graduated from the SF State Journalism Department and has a master's degree in journalism, yet the department won't hire him. Since local papers don't cover the Latin community, Gonzales began his own monthly paper, "El Tecolote," which has now existed for almost 12 years. This man is a qualified journalist, but apparently Young thinks that one must work on a daily newspaper to be qualified. I wonder if David Mitchell thinks that way. Mitchell, who now works as a copy editor for a San Francisco daily, won a Pulitzer Prize while editor of the "Point Reyes Light," a paper which serves its community just as "El Tecolote" does, and both papers are weeklies.

The qualifications to be hired are not set down in writing, Young said. Then he states that being "with it" defies definition, but "people know what it is." What people? People like Young, apparently.

From some light research I've done, it appears that only two journalism professors have doctorates and that there are at least two who have no more education than a B.A. degree.

Young himself does not have a degree in journalism, nor to my knowledge has he ever worked on a daily newspaper, so who is more qualified, Young or Gonzales? I mention this only because the Journalism Department supposedly has a new policy of hiring only people with doctorate degrees.

Blacks and Hispanics do not avoid journalism because of "political" reasons, but because many have resigned themselves to the fact that the media are racist, and don't present them or represent them adequately.

— Eldredge McCready  
B.A. Journalism  
1982/Spring

### Discrimination?

I was extremely disturbed by Journalism Department Chairman Leo Young's statements regarding affirmative action in last week's "Insight."

Remarks such as he "would not actively seek out a minority for a full-time position" in his department but "goes out of his way to try to hire non-white and women part-timers," and "black

and Hispanic students avoid the department for 'political' reasons" and if they don't want to "mainstream" they can go to Ethnic Studies, reveal the kind of mentality that keeps the journalism faculty male and white and journalism students virtually all white.

I have been taking classes in the Journalism Department for two years and know that some students who complete the program do so in spite of, not because of, the full-time faculty.

In fact, a lot of students avoid taking classes from the full-time faculty, opting for part-timers because they are the ones who are really "with it" in journalism.

Like any other department in this institution of higher learning, the Journalism Department has its share of dead wood.

Of course, it would be foolish of Young to admit this to a Phoenix reporter, but to imply his all-white, all-male full-time faculty is the cream of the crop is implicitly racist and sexist. It also shows his total lack of commitment to affirmative action.

Young said one of the things that "pleased him about the campus is its great mix — it's the way American universities are supposed to be."

It's about time the Journalism Department let some of the "great mix" inside its classroom and on the payroll.

Professor Young, all white is not all right.

— C. Canchola  
Phoenix Reporter

### Racism?

I am appalled by the statements made by Leo Young, the Journalism Department chairman, in the May 13 Phoenix.

As a graduate of the department I encountered firsthand both sexism and racism as a student, but I endured because I think I'm "pretty tough."

I'm a little surprised by the statements he made regarding Ethnic Studies and the La Raza media course. When I was a student in the Journalism Department I was interested in alternative media. Because of that interest I enrolled in the department's community journalism class. What did I learn about? The Berkeley Barb and its contemporaries and nothing about black, Asian or Latino newspapers.

When I brought up the subject of El Tecolote (then in its fifth year of publishing), the instructor refused to give it any validation because he was not familiar with it. So I enrolled in Juan Gonzales' La Raza media class. In this class I was able to learn about alternative media not only from Chicano publishers, but from a graduate of the Stanford Communications Department and a former employee of United Press International. Young is fully aware of this information.

Later on, when I became a part of the Phoenix staff, I had to put up with racist remarks about "Tequila-drinking Mexicans" from male journalism students and in particular a staff that was never interested in articles dealing with the Latino community.

I still remember an incident with the Phoenix editor about an article I had written on the Mission regarding BART

construction and how it was going to affect the residents. The editor read it and called me a racist and refused to publish it. It appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle as a feature story after he rejected it. I spoke to an instructor who I respected, but he could not become involved because he was not an advisor. I refused to finish out the semester, but I assume word got out to the advisors because I received a "B" for the course.

Regarding the question of role models, I cannot believe how ignorant Young is. If I didn't have role models in the La Raza Studies Department I would never have graduated from the Journalism Department. It was their encouragement, their belief in me as a prospective journalist that kept me going, and it was their classes that enriched my education. Most of all it was seeing other Latinos doing what I someday wanted to do. There was no political boycott of the Journalism Department nor were there role models in the Journalism Department women and minorities could relate too.

Now Mr. Young, ask yourself again why black and Hispanic students avoid the Journalism Department.

— Ana M. Montes  
Graduate,  
SF State Journalism Department

### Sexism?

Superman and Leo Young, Journalism Department chairman, have a lot in common — they are both involved in journalism and believe in Truth, Justice and The American Way. As everyone knows, Superman is a fictitious character. Leo Young is not.

As a student working on the Phoenix this semester, I have had an opportunity to see that despite Young's contentions, sexism and racism are indeed prevalent in the Journalism Department.

Discrimination is sometimes subtle. It comes in the form of comments from some of the full-time faculty members (all white males) that women students should "dress up" and "bat their eyelashes" if they want to get ahead.

It comes when the faculty invariably appoints males over females to important positions. It comes when the department provides a climate where racist and sexist jokes are not only tolerated but approved of.

Discrimination's most powerful effect is its creation of an old boy's network providing mutual support, ego-boosting and job opportunities to white male students while excluding and crushing the spirits of many people of color and white women.

The avowed philosophy of the professors who encourage this network is one of Social Darwinism — "Ya gotta be tough to make it in this field." What kind of reporters will this department create?

I would suggest before Professor Young asserts his confidence that the department is free of sexism and racism, he anonymously surveys (people are, after all, concerned about their future) the women students and the handful of non-white men and women struggling to stay in the department.

— Yvonne Crowley  
Phoenix photographer

# Sioux battle continues

By Dennis Wyss

As the battle continues between the Lakota Sioux and the federal government with the Indians' year-long occupation of a valley in the Black Hills National Forest, donations of food, clothing and medicine have tapered off, according to the San Francisco American Indian Airlift office.

"We're not getting as many donations as we would like," said Dorinda Moreno, airlift office director. Moreno attributed the general state of the economy to the drop in donations.

In April 1981 about 50 people set up the camp, called Yellow Thunder, as a first step in resettling the Black Hills, a sacred tribal area for hundreds of years.

Soon after, the American Indian Airlift was formed, and during the winter supplies were regularly parachuted into the camp when snow closed the roads. The last drop was on March 25.

Michael Lane of the SF State Student Council of Inter-Tribal Nations (SKINS) said there is a core of supporters in San Francisco who contribute regularly. After the first burst of publicity which led to an outpouring of donations, however, the novelty wore off, and donations slowed.

"Many who contributed in the begin-

ning didn't realize that it's a day-to-day struggle over the long run," he said.

The Black Hills had been promised to the Lakota Sioux nation "in perpetuity" under the 1868 Treaty of Fort Laramie. But in the mid-1870s gold was discovered, and a flood of prospectors descended upon the area, sparking armed clashes with the Indians.

In 1877, the land was returned to federal control. In 1980 — after 58 years of legal battles — the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the Black Hills had been wrongfully taken from the Lakota and that they were entitled to payment: \$17 million for the land (an estimate of its value at 1877 prices) and \$105 million in interest.

Lawyers for the tribe appealed to the court, saying that they did not want the money; they wanted the land. The court denied the appeal.

"We were created in the Paha Sapa (Lakota for the area)," said Bill Means of the American Indian Movement after the court's monetary ruling. "We were made right here in the Black Hills. They

are sacred to us, and we will never sell them. Would the Moslems or the Jews sell Jerusalem? Would the Pope sell the Vatican?"

Elberta Blackbear commutes 35 miles from the Rapid City office of the Black Hills Alliance to the teepees of the camp. Blackbear, a Lakota, teaches the native language to 15 children in the camp.

"They're really anxious to learn. They have a tremendous respect for the old religion," she said.

The children are also taught traditional cultural and spiritual values of the tribe, Blackbear said.

The U.S. Forest Service and the Pennington County (S.D.) Sheriff's Department have downplayed the occupation, saying no laws were broken, and the Lakota are just camping.

A spokesman for the FBI, who the Lakotas have clashed with in the past, said the bureau has "no interest" in the camp.

In San Francisco, Moreno said that the American Indian Airlift will continue to ask for donations as long as the Yellow Thunder camp exists.

## TRON

A Message to all Users  
Win a free TRON shirt  
from Walt Disney Productions

Be one of the first 25 students to unscramble these stars names from the motion picture TRON.

### SCRAMBLED STARS PUZZLE

FEFF DESRIBG

Clue: Stars as Flynn, video game champ.

VIDDA RERNAW

Clue: Dillinger. He's got a computer program and is stealing confidential data.

NYICD RAMROG

Clue: Before TRON, she starred in "Caddyshack."

ECURB TRIXOBINEL

Clue: TRON Warrior and Hero of the electronic World.

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# Muralist paints dreams on SF County Jail walls

By Teresa L. Trego

Diego Rivera, Mexico's most celebrated muralist, believed that the mural — big, brightly colored and accessible to all people — was the only worthwhile art.

SF State graduate art student and muralist Mike Mosher's latest mural fits Rivera's criteria for worthwhile art — except for its accessibility. Mosher's latest work is on the waiting room walls of the San Francisco County Jail, on the seventh floor of the Hall of Justice at Seventh and Bryant streets.

Mosher, a former muralist for the San Francisco Art Commission who has painted several murals around the city, was contacted about painting the jail mural by San Francisco County Deputy Sheriff Andrea Ellukovich, who is responsible for the county's prison environments.

After some initial sketches, suggestions from the staff and prisoners, and Sheriff Michael Hennessey's approval of the project, Mosher went to work on his three-and-a-half wall "dream and reality" mural.

"I liked the idea of working in the jail," Mosher said. "It destroys your illusions about what jail is, and I think my lucky stars that I'm on this side of the bars."

Mosher was almost on the wrong side

of the bars when he stayed late and the day shift of officers left for the day. "One of the lieutenants didn't recognize me and wasn't sure I was supposed to leave," Mosher said. "I finally found a sergeant who recognized me and said it was okay for me to leave."

The mural begins in the jail mess hall, depicting prisoners in orange jumpsuits dreaming of beautiful women and playing solitaire. As the mural pans the walls, the images shift from inmates' communication problems with their loved ones to the streets of the city with children playing Monopoly, riding scooters and musicians playing conga drums and flutes.

"One of the plumbers who was working up here (in the jail) used to ask me when I was going to put him into the mural," Mosher said. "So I made him one of the customers in the cafe (which occupies the center section of the mural)."

"This is probably the most complex mural I have ever done," said Mosher, who began the project in late January. "It is a complex synthesis of the images from the dreams of the inmates to the positive family images at the end of the mural."

Some of the images used in the mural caused a stir in the Sheriff's Department. The wine lying against the wall of the cafe and a young man being arrested

by two officers were controversial, Mosher said, but they opened a dialogue between him and the department about the mural's content.

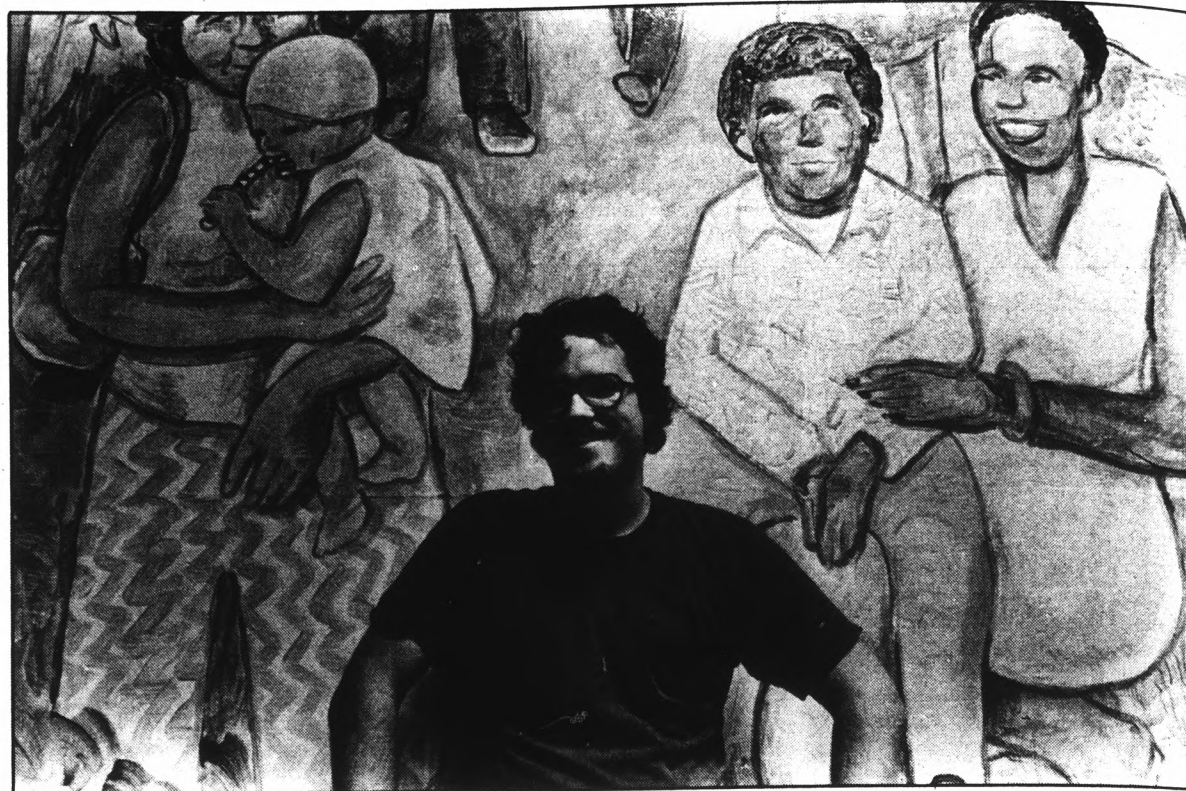
"People spend a lot of time waiting in this room, and I wanted to do something that would take their minds off why they are here," said Mosher. "I wanted it to be like a book or a Fellini movie — no matter how long you look at it, there is always something to see."

Mosher started painting murals in high school in Ann Arbor, Mich. "Some of them may still be there," he said.

Having a work covered by paint and stucco is part of the challenge of being a muralist, Mosher said. "It's a risk in public art. All of the great muralists, like Rivera and David Alfaro Siqueiros, have had their work painted over, but the satisfactions outweigh the risks."

In the past decade the muralist's art has come into its own, fueled by contemporary artists eager to share their art with the public. San Francisco's Mural Resource Center provides interested groups with the names of muralists.

Last year Mosher worked for the Comprehensive Employment Training Act program (CETA) painting a mural with the help of eighth graders at St. Peter's School. He has also painted murals in the lobby of the Randall Junior Museum and on a building at Al-bion and 16th streets.



Photos by By Richard Brucker

Now that Mosher has put the last coat of varnish on his jail mural, he is looking for other walls to paint. "I've got an idea for an anti-war mural, but I haven't quite got it organized yet," he said.

Mosher has an exhibition of some of his smaller works at Maelstrom Books on Valencia Street.

Above: Artist Mike Mosher and part of his mural. The SF State graduate art student painted the mural in the city's County Jail at the Hall of Justice.

Right: The prisoner visiting area at the Hall of Justice. Now you have something to look at while you wait.



## Non-science majors in U.S. don't know picene from pi

By Jim Beaver

SF State's new General Education science requirement may not be preparing students to deal with an increasingly complex technological world, according to a recent report in the Chronicle of Higher Education, which bemoaned the state of college science requirements nationwide.

The report said that 7 percent (nine units) of the average non-science major's workload are science courses, a figure which matches SF State's new nine-unit GE science requirement. Under the old GE program, non-majors had to take six units of science. Calling the nationwide average "alarmingly low," the report also said science courses non-majors are taking "failed to give an understanding of the basic principles of science."

SF State science teachers contacted by the Phoenix were divided in their reactions to the report.

Biology Professor John Stubbs said he was "undismayed" because he didn't think the quantity of classes could be equated with the quality of scientific knowledge.

"The French have the perfect saying:

'All generalities are not true,' " Stubbs said. "It's the content of the course that's important."

Chemistry Professor Ann Walker was more concerned.

"It's shocking that as our world is becoming more technological and computer-based, (a university education) is leaving students out in the cold," she said.

"People need to be familiar enough with science not to be afraid of it, Walker said, otherwise, "too much misinformation gets around."

Walker said, however, that SF State's new GE program "has the potential for giving students some feeling of what science is about."

The GE-approved courses, according to biology Professor Ruth Doell, are grouped into thematic clusters designed to give non-majors both depth and breadth of scientific understanding.

To qualify for GE, each cluster must provide an understanding of scientific method, have one laboratory component and apply scientific principles to society. The clusters must also supply a course from both the biological and physical sciences.

To attract as many students as possi-

ble, most science departments offer introductory courses designed specifically for non-majors. Every faculty member contacted agreed that introductory courses are among the most important ones a science department can offer.

Stubbs called the GE courses "the most challenging aspect of teaching." Because they are the only science classes most non-majors will take, the GE courses require the "greatest care of the instructor and the department in the design and teaching of the course," Stubbs said.

"I think GE (science) courses should be among our best courses, taught by our best instructors," Doell said.

Walker was skeptical of the value of science courses designed for non-majors. "I don't think they give a feeling for how a scientist looks at the subject," she said. Non-majors should take the same introductory courses as science majors, Walker said.

But all the professors agreed that no one can force unmotivated students to develop an appreciation of science, no matter what courses they must take.

"It gets down to personal responsibility," Walker said. "Students will be as well rounded as they want to be."

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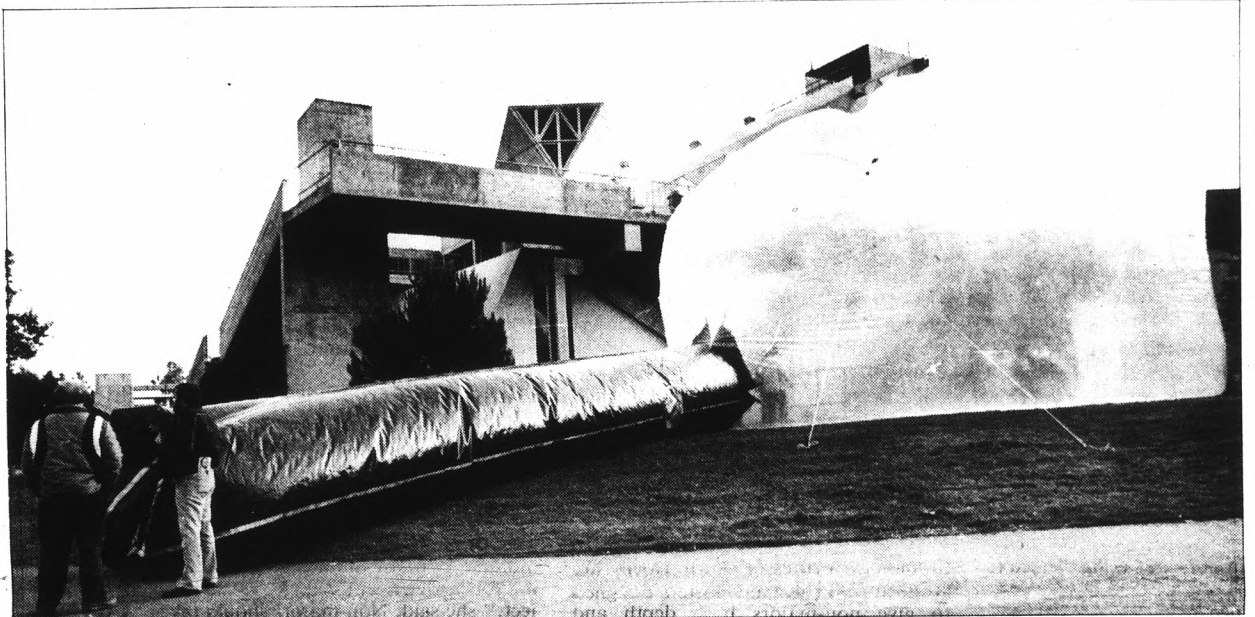
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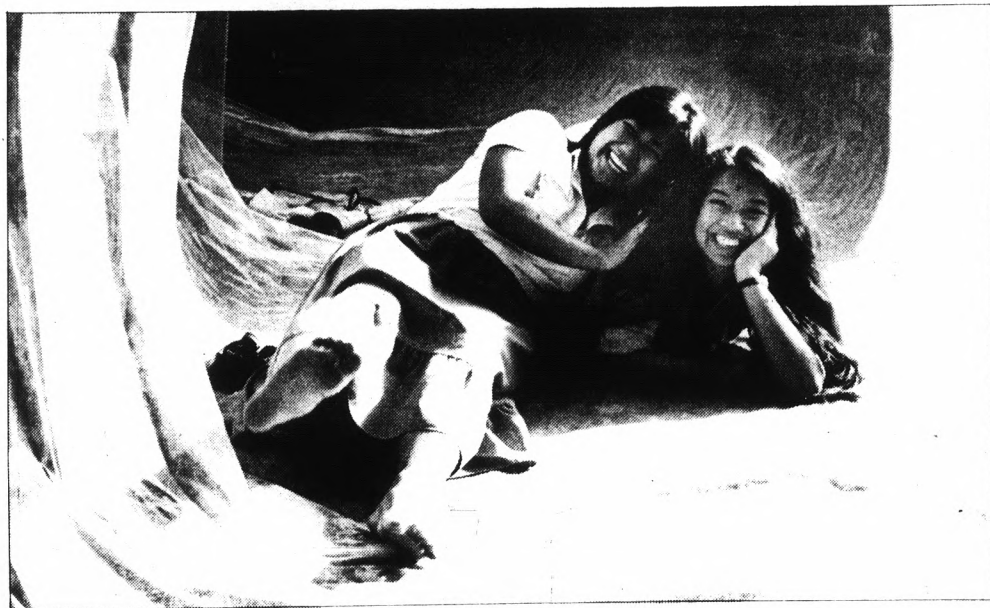
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## Now that's inflation



Photos by Toru Kawana  
Text by Jules Crittenden

A plastic bubble was growing on the north side of the Student Union, exactly the kind of growth such a building — once dubbed "Fenneman Hall" after Groucho's sidekick and SF State alumnus George Fenneman — might be expected to sprout.

"Wow," said Dale, a student who was sitting on the lawn with a couple of friends. "Last time I saw something like this was 1967, in Central Park. Let's have a be-in."

The three of them strolled down to the roughly spherical dome, now fully inflated, and disappeared under the rim, which was weighted down by a hose.

The opaque dome, inflated Tuesday afternoon along with a smaller black dome connected to the first by a 100-foot tube, was the product of design and industry Professor Robin LeFever's Design I class (DAI 300), which teaches "creative problem solving."

"We had all this plastic, and this big space," said Meryl Kolevzon, a Design I student, describing the problem the class set out to solve. "It's the exact opposite of a building, which holds something up — we're holding this air down."

The main dome, 32 feet in diameter, was used in a similar bubble for a DAI exhibit in 1978. The second dome, 20 feet in diameter, and connecting tube were built from plastic kept in stock at DAI.

The entire structure, held down by a network of ropes, was inflated by two fans; one blowing air into the black dome, the other pumping warm air from the Student Union basement up through a stairwell into the main dome. The heat of the sun on the structure

provided an added "greenhouse" effect.

Inside, true to the testimony of one DAI student, the acoustics were excellent. Some kids dashed through the tube yelling, while Dale and his friends made music — Jeff! on the guitar, with Dale and Donald yodelling old Stones songs — and the cacophony of noise echoed.

Onlookers were visible through the opaque walls, apparently too shy or not sure how to enter. A humanoid shape moved around the perimeter of the dome outside, pressing the wall in with hand-like appendages.

In the black bubble points of red light twinkled where tape had been stuck over holes, and light coming in through the entrance made silhouettes of everyone inside.

"Oh wow," said one musician.

"We must get stoned in here," said another.

"La la, la la, . . . oo oo, oo oo . . ." sang the third, "hope you guess my name . . ."

Other visitors entered and left the black bubble, some of them stopping to sit with the musicians.

"Offer it to our friends," Donald told Dale, who was smoking. "Welcome to the Magic Castle," he said to the visitors, with an expansive gesture.

"Are you guys involved with this?" a visitor asked the musicians, who had more or less taken over the black bubble.

"Oh," replied Dale, "totally."

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# Meet the press: Phoenix wraps it up for the semester



This semester's Phoenix team mingled with figures created by art student Sheila Granz (lower extreme left with figure) in front of the Arts Building for a photo by Gary Cameron, formerly of the Phoenix, now with the Washington Post. Standing in rear, left to right: Danny Jong, Richard Brucker, Linda Aube, Barbara Grob, Dana Harrison, Anne Fisher, Jim Uomini, Karen Franklin, Claudia Iseman, Giorfeld, Rhonda Parks, Dennis Wyss, Jan Gauthier, Gregg Pearlman, Kendall Woodward, Teresa Trego, Steven Harmon, Brad Kieffer, Don Watts, Michael Jacobs and Bill Coniff.

Middle row: Annie Dawid, Nickel, Donna Cooper, Yvonne Marie Crowley, Carmen Canchola, Carolyn Jung, Douglas Amador, Laura Broadwell, Terry Cronin, Sandy Welsh, Robert Manetta.

Seated: Sculptor Sheila Granz, Jules Crittenden, Barry Locke, Daphne Gray, Paula Abend, Phoenix Librarian and ex-Arts Editor S.F. Yee and Toru Kawana.

## CSU budget to be influenced by voters

By Sandy Welsh

Voter response to tax measures on the June 8 ballot will play a major role in determining the budget for the state and California State University system for the next fiscal year, and until then officials will not specify what repercussions the CSU system may face.

"The situation is so uncertain that it's best expressed exactly that way," said Boyd Horne, assistant chief of the budget and planning administration for the CSU.

The tax measures are proposed as three separate initiatives. Propositions 5 and 6 would both abolish the inheritance and gift tax. Since the two propositions would have the same effect, if both pass the one with more votes would be enacted.

The other tax initiative, Proposition 7, calls for income tax rate indexes that would link tax brackets to inflation so that taxpayers would not be placed in a higher tax bracket because of cost-of-living pay raises.

According to the May 16 issue of the San Francisco Examiner, the passage of reduction measures could mean a \$360 million reduction in state revenues.

Susan Burr, program analyst for the state Legislative Analyst's Office, said the state's deficit could be as much as \$3.4 billion. She said the prospects for the CSU system are unclear.

"It's still all up in the air," said Burr. "The legislature would have to mandate any increase in student fees. We don't know what they'll do."

Burr said the governor's proposed budget called for all students, full and part time, to pay the same fees. She said Legislative Analyst William Hamm and the Post Secondary Education Commission (PSEC) have recommended that the

fees remain two-tiered, with full-time students paying more than part-time students.

Hamm has proposed that graduate students pay \$200 more than undergraduate students in an effort to generate revenues for the CSU system. PSEC has recommended an increase for graduate students of 10 percent to 25 percent more than undergraduate fee raises. Both proposals are still being considered by a Ways and Means subcommittee.

"This whole thing is in a state of flux," said Bob Gurian, a lobbyist for the United Professors of California union. "No one, even the committees, knows what's going on."

Gurian said a plan to return to the 1981-82 fiscal budget has been announced. He said if this happens the money for CSU would be less than they asked for in the 1982-83 proposed budget. "We're in the same boat as the disabled, the aged, the public schools and the libraries," said Gurian. "I don't think anyone will get what they want."

"The situation is clouded by many variables," said Charles Davis, spokesman for the CSU Chancellor's Office. "It's going to be difficult to decipher everything after the election."

Davis said there are reports that Gov. Brown's current statewide freeze on spending and hiring will continue in the next fiscal year.

Assistant budget chief Horne would give no figures on the amount CSU could lose after the fiscal budget is passed.

"There's so much in the air it would be really misleading to give figures," Horne said. "I will say there are rather significant budget changes under way."

"No matter what happens, it will be a very difficult year," said Davis.

## Handicapped could benefit from student invention

By Ken Maryanski

Handicapped? Can't turn the television on without help? Your arthritis making lamp switches hard to handle? Just plain too lazy?

Well fear no more. The appliance of the future is on its way. It's voice-omatic. SF State engineering student Steve Sremac's new "voice-controlled switchboard," and with a simple blow into its microphone, it dices, chops, blends, turns on televisions, radios,

lights and any other electrical appliances you can afford.

Just plug the appliances into the back of the 5-inch-by-7-inch brown box. The box continually flashes the digits one through nine in succession, each number corresponding to an appliance. If your TV is hooked up to correspond to number one, and you want to watch Dallas, just blow into the attached mike when the number one flashes, and voila — Larry Hagman — without ever lifting a finger.

"Many severely handicapped people need to have someone to do things for them," Sremac said in a class report describing his invention, which he designed and built to fulfill the Engineering Department's senior project requirement. "This device allows them to help themselves. They can control any electrical device by using voice control."

The 22-year-old Sremac first came up with the idea last semester for his Engineering Project I course. He spent nearly 40 hours a week during the

semester break perfecting the design. This spring, in Engineering Project II, he finished construction and is currently waiting for a patent to be approved.

When it is, he hopes to sell the voice device to a company interested in mass-marketing it. He believes his model would be cheaper, more compact and easier to use than similar products that sell for hundreds of dollars.

But Sergio Franco, Sremac's advisor and an associate professor of engineering, is skeptical about the marketability of the voice switchboard.

"Recognizing just the presence of sound is a very easy thing to build," he said. "These types of ideas have been published in electronic magazines for the past 10 or 20 years."

But Sremac said his device is unique because it can control more than one appliance at a time.

"The handicapped can't afford the computer-controlled devices. The microprocessor chip alone costs \$300," he said. "It must be programmed for the individual user and sometimes doesn't work properly."

"The other product is a tongue-controlled device, but it is relatively inconvenient to use," Sremac said. "Who wants to stick out their tongue all the time. It doesn't have a digital display either."

But Sremac said building the voice switchboard didn't require any radically new technology or expertise, just standard electrical hardware such as printed circuit boards, resistors and transistors.

Sremac is currently working on other applications of the voice-control switchboard.

One is a voice-controlled elevator, the other is a programmable telephone.

"When there's a phone number you want, you would just say a word into the mike and it would dial it itself," he said.

These products are currently unavailable in every store. But Sremac hopes they will be soon.



By Jan Gauthier

Engineering student Steve Sremac blows into voice-control switchboard, activating radio, tape recorder and other appliances.

## Seniors set to attend SF State next month

Elderhostel, a college-sponsored summer residential education program for senior citizens, will return to SF State this June because of its initial success last year.

The program, which allows students over 60 to visit and study at North American and European universities, will run for two separate one-week sessions from June 6 to June 19. Each session costs \$150, which includes dorm accommodations, food and instructional fees.

"SF State is a popular campus for Elderhostel," said Laurel Kaplan, coordinator of the SF State Elderhostel program.

Both sessions of this summer's program are already filled (a maximum of 50 students are allowed in each session), as are the waiting lists, Kaplan said.

The SF State program features classes called Ragtime and Early Jazz, San

Francisco, Astronomy, and Big Bands.

"Elderhostel has two major rules," said Kaplan. "The classes have to be of the same caliber as usual university classes. Also, none of the classes can be of a topic teaching people how to be old, such as 'psychology of aging' or 'yoga for people over 60.' The point of Elderhostel is to assimilate the group into a normal college atmosphere."

The classes carry no academic credits and require no grades, examinations or homework.

Begun seven years ago in New Hampshire, Elderhostel is roughly modeled after the youth hostel system in Europe. The program has grown from five campuses in 1975 to about 500 this year, spreading to Canada, Britain and Scandinavia.

"It's grown dramatically," said Kaplan. "The whole program expects 48,000 participants this summer."

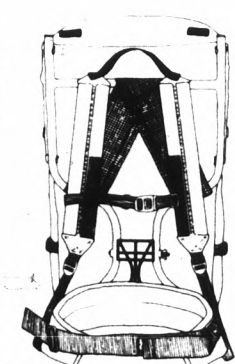
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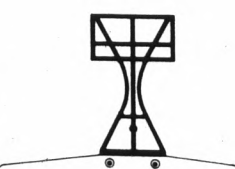
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# Congress threatens vital vet's services

By Terry Cronin

"Our staff has been decimated, and our grant is up in 1983. No matter what, we won't be around much longer. We're a dying swan," said Robert Chapek.

Chapek, director of counseling at the Office of Veterans Affairs, was referring to the effects of budget cuts past and pending, including three bills recently introduced in Congress which, if passed, will drastically reduce veteran's service nationwide. The bills, introduced by Rep. G.V. Montgomery, D-Miss. are:

- HR 5875, which will eliminate advance pay for veterans enrolled in school.

- HR 5876, which will eliminate the veterans work-study program.

- HR 5877, which will require the Veterans Certification Office to certify veterans and their dependents on a monthly, rather than semester, basis.

Due to previous budget cuts, the Office of Veterans Affairs lost its director and assistant director in February, and services it provides have been limited to Vietnam veterans.

"I see a real contradiction in the Reagan administration's actions," said Peter Chinnici, a veteran who counsels at the Office of Veterans Affairs through the work-study program.

"They increase the military budget and play up the image of the 'American fighting man.' At the same time they're shitting on the very people who put aside their own needs when they were called

upon to serve their country," said Chinnici.

Advanced pay for veterans, one item slated for elimination, allows Vietnam veterans to collect two months of pay prior to enrolling in school so they can pay for fees, tuition and living expenses.

"Benefits for Vietnam veterans are very small," said Patty Keir, director of instruction at the Office of Veterans Affairs. "Without advanced pay they could never afford to enter school. They would have no way to subsist during that time of transition."

The veterans work-study program provides part-time employment for veterans attending school to supplement income earned through the GI bill. All work-study jobs are guaranteed, pay \$3.35 per hour and must be related to the Veterans Administration. Many work-study veterans at SF State work on campus at the Office of Veterans Affairs, at the Veterans Hospital in San Francisco or in the veteran centers downtown.

"If those bills pass, I'll lose my job," said Mohammed Kali, a work-study veteran employed at the San Francisco Veterans Center. Kali supports a wife and child on the \$464 he receives each month from GI benefits, and income from his job in the Veterans Center.

"We need these Veterans Centers to help Vietnam veterans deal with the stress and guilt of the war and the pressures of trying to readjust into civilian life," said Chinnici.

The needs of the Vietnam veteran are different than those of veterans of other wars, he said.

"World War II veterans came home heroes. But because the Vietnam War was so politically controversial and our reasons for being there were so unclear, soldiers never had that sense of patriotism. And when they returned home, they were made to feel guilty."

Chinnici remembered returning to New York from Vietnam in 1973. "I went to an employment agency. They advised me not to write on any applications that I was a Vietnam veteran because it would hurt my chances of getting a job," he said.

In addition to the effects on the veterans, elimination of the work-study program will affect the offices and centers staffed by work-study veterans, said Keir.

"We'll lose our support staff," she said. The Office of Veterans Affairs has about 15 work-study employees, all of whom, Keir said, are essential to the effective operation of the office.

"Without the work-study students, we will only have about three or four paid employees to provide the same amount of services," she said.

According to the Office of Veterans Affairs and to many of the veterans it serves, passage of the three bills will not only affect those veterans already enrolled who depend on work-study and advanced pay, but will ultimately affect enrollment of veterans through such programs as Veterans Upward Bound (VUB) and Veterans Special Admissions Program (VSAP).

VUB is a 12-week non-credited course offered free to veterans in need of basic academic skills. The program is designed to help veterans without high-school diplomas prepare for their General Equivalency Diploma (GED) test and to help high-school graduates brush up on basic skills in preparation for college.

"It's only a matter of time before they come after the VUB program," said Kali. A 40-year-old Vietnam veteran, Kali is currently enrolled in VUB and wants to work with computers.

Kali got his GED while in the Army, but the skills he received there didn't give him the necessary tools to function in this technological society, he said.

"You expect so much more when you join," said Kali. "Go to exotic places, be proud, it's all only on paper. When it comes time to receive, you don't get



Photos by Yvonne Marie Crowley

Pictured above are the staff and students of the Veterans Upward Bound Program, now in its 10th year.

## 'Chapbook' spotlights writers with winning talent at SF State

The shelves of the campus bookstore will soon be graced by a new poetry collection, the San Francisco State University Chapbook, comprised of the three winning entries to SF State's first chapbook competition.

The winning entries, all from creative writing majors, were Susan Robert's "The Light on the Table was Formica Pink," Gloria Ataide's "No Logic in Motion," and Margaret Johnson's "Octoberfest."

The SF State chapbook — a small book of popular literature — and competition were the brainchild of Carolyn D. Wright, Poetry Center manager and faculty advisor to Transfer, the Creative Writing Department's poetry journal.

Wright said the competition was designed to give new writers more room for expression that is usually available in a magazine format.

Wright said the competition brought in more than 1,500 pages of manuscript, with individual entries ranging in length from 20 to 60 pages.

The competition was judged by Jim Hartz, director of the literature series at San Francisco's Intersection Center for the Arts. Hartz is also the editor and publisher of the "Broadside Series," a poetry anthology.

"I felt it was important that someone working as an editor in this field judge the competition," Wright said.

"Originally I thought there would be only one winner, but he (Hartz) thought it was a good idea to pick all three and I agreed with him."

Wright said the winners each display distinct styles and views.

"The chapbook is really an expression of three visions under one cover," she said. "Gloria Ataide's text is the most experimental and abstract, Susan Robert's is the most autobiographical and conversational, and Margaret Johnson's is the most narrative."

The chapbook should be available in the bookstore before the end of the semester, Wright said, and will cost \$3. All profits from sales will go to Transfer, she said.



Joseph Jackson (left), a work-study student, helps Donald Peaslee, who also works at the Office of Veterans Affairs, with his math homework.

See Vets, page 17

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# California water war comes to a head

## June primary vote may settle Peripheral Canal, then again....

By Jim Beaver

The latest chapter in the California water war will reach a showdown June 8 when voters decide the fate of Proposition 9, the Peripheral Canal issue. The only certain outcome is that the controversy over the canal and California water policy will continue.

Proposition 9 is a referendum on Senate Bill 200, the Peripheral Canal package, which was passed and signed into law in 1980.

The complexities of the debate have left a large block of undecided voters. The most recently published Field Poll (May 12) found that, for the first time, opponents of the canal have taken the lead by a 45 percent to 35 percent margin. However, undecided voters remain at 20 percent.

Lori Griggs, Bay Area regional coordinator for the California Coalition to Stop the Peripheral Canal, said the outcome will hinge on voter turnout in Northern California, where opposition to the Canal is strongest.

Griggs said she expects a "massive saturation campaign" in Southern California during the last days of the campaign by proponents of the Canal. "Getting the opposition vote out in the north will be very important," she said.

The two sides disagree over the costs of the project, whether it will work and whether it should be built even if it will work.

The Peripheral Canal is actually the \$1.3 billion centerpiece of a \$5.4 billion project designed to bring water from Northern California's rivers into the California Aqueduct system which carries it south. The 400-foot-wide, 30-foot-deep, 42-mile-long ditch will take an estimated 10 years to build.

The canal would bypass the Sacramento-San Joaquin River Delta, the current link between the north and the aqueducts, and would deliver an additional 500,000 to 1 million acre-feet per year into the State Water Project (SWP). The SWP currently yields some 2.3 million acre feet per year. The canal would actually have a total capacity of 15 million acre feet per year.

SB200 contains environmental measures designed to restore the critical fresh water/salt water balance that has been upset by the huge pumps which for years have sucked fresh water out of the delta and sent it south.

The bill also provides for fish screens to protect the millions of baby fish and

larvae which get sucked into the pumps each year and destroyed. When the first stage of the canal is complete and the screens installed, construction will stop for two years while the screens are tested. If they don't work, the project is supposed to be halted.

The environmental safeguards, especially the saline balance protection, have produced a coalition of canal opponents as strange as any the wild California political scene has yet seen. Environmentalists and two of the San Joaquin Valley's biggest agribusiness growers are united against the canal, but for totally

backers have grossly underestimated the costs of the project itself. While the \$5.4 billion price tag figures in inflation costs, it assumes that bonds to finance the project can be sold at 8.5 percent, a figure opponents dispute. There is also the problem of rising energy costs.

Opponents say the bond market is currently closer to 12 percent and some predict it could go as high as 14.5 percent. Bonds sold at 12 percent could add \$5 billion to the overall price tag.

The energy costs are at least as startling. The Department of Water Resources, which oversees California

**"Getting the opposition vote out in the north will be very important."**

opposite reasons.

The environmentalists say the safeguards don't go nearly far enough and that the canal will, in fact, further damage the already fragile delta ecology.

It is the canal's 15-million acre-feet capacity that frightens opponents. They say it is unrealistic to assume that agribusiness interests will not bring enough pressure on the Department of Water Resources to use more of the canal's capacity in the future. If that happens, even more fresh water will be sucked out of the delta.

The two growers, J. G. Boswell Co. and Salyer Land Co., think precisely the opposite — the safeguards go too far and threaten their supply of cheap Northern water. They are pretty much alone; most of the other large growers favor the canal.

Agriculture uses 87 percent of California's water, with the Kern County Water District, site of vast farm tracts, alone taking half the 2.3 million acre-feet that flow yearly through the State Water Project. Most San Joaquin growers see the canal as a boon to their water supply.

The price agribusiness pays for water is a major point in the Proposition 9 debate.

Proponents say a continued supply of cheap water is necessary to hold food prices down. Opponents say minimal water conservation measures, such as drip irrigation, would virtually eliminate the need for the Peripheral Canal.

Opponents also say that the canal's

water policy, signed long-term contracts in 1966 for the massive amounts of electrical energy it requires to pump water over the Tehachapi Mountains into Los Angeles. Those contracts expire in 1983 and the department estimates that the cost of transporting an acre-foot of water over the mountains will triple within eight years.

U.S. Rep. George Miller, D-Calif., who is on the Water Resources Subcommittee, estimates rates could skyrocket by 1,000 percent or more. Once those increased rates are passed onto water costs, opponents say, according to the laws of the marketplace, the result will be lower demand. The bills will remain, they claim, to be picked up by California taxpayers.

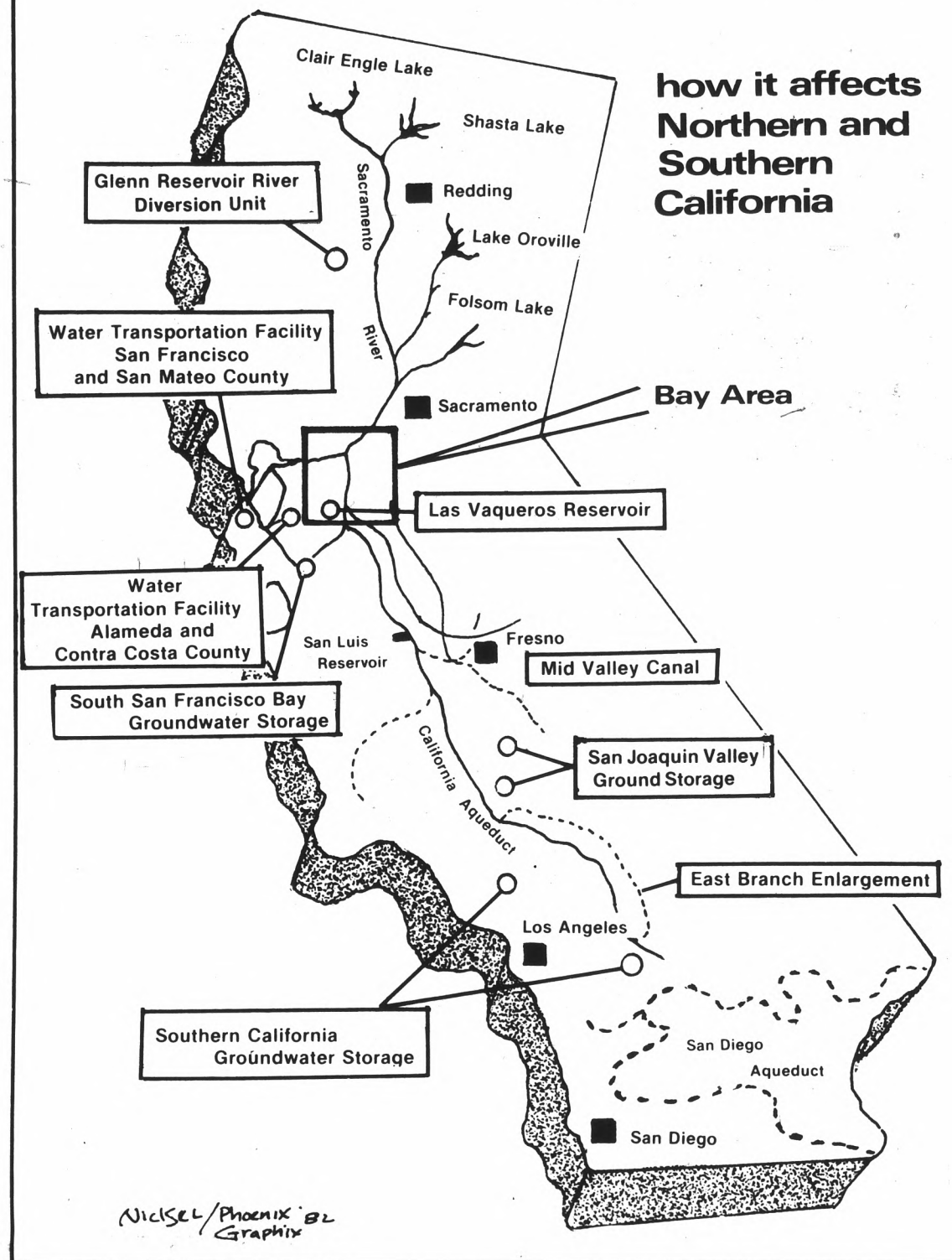
The issues swirling around the Peripheral Canal are as convoluted as the labyrinthine waterways of the delta itself. The canal may be the answer to everyone's concerns: environmental, agricultural and plain old thirst. Or, it may be a profligate throwback to the massive capital-intensive public works programs of the past.

It may save the delta and the San Francisco Bay, or it may destroy them. It may cost \$5.4 billion or it may cost \$23 billion.

California voters need to spend time with these issues, need to consider the alternatives, because all they are going to see on the June 8 ballot is:

"Proposition 9: Shall Senate Bill 200 be enacted as passed by the Legislature?"

## An Overview of the Peripheral Canal Project -



**how it affects Northern and Southern California**

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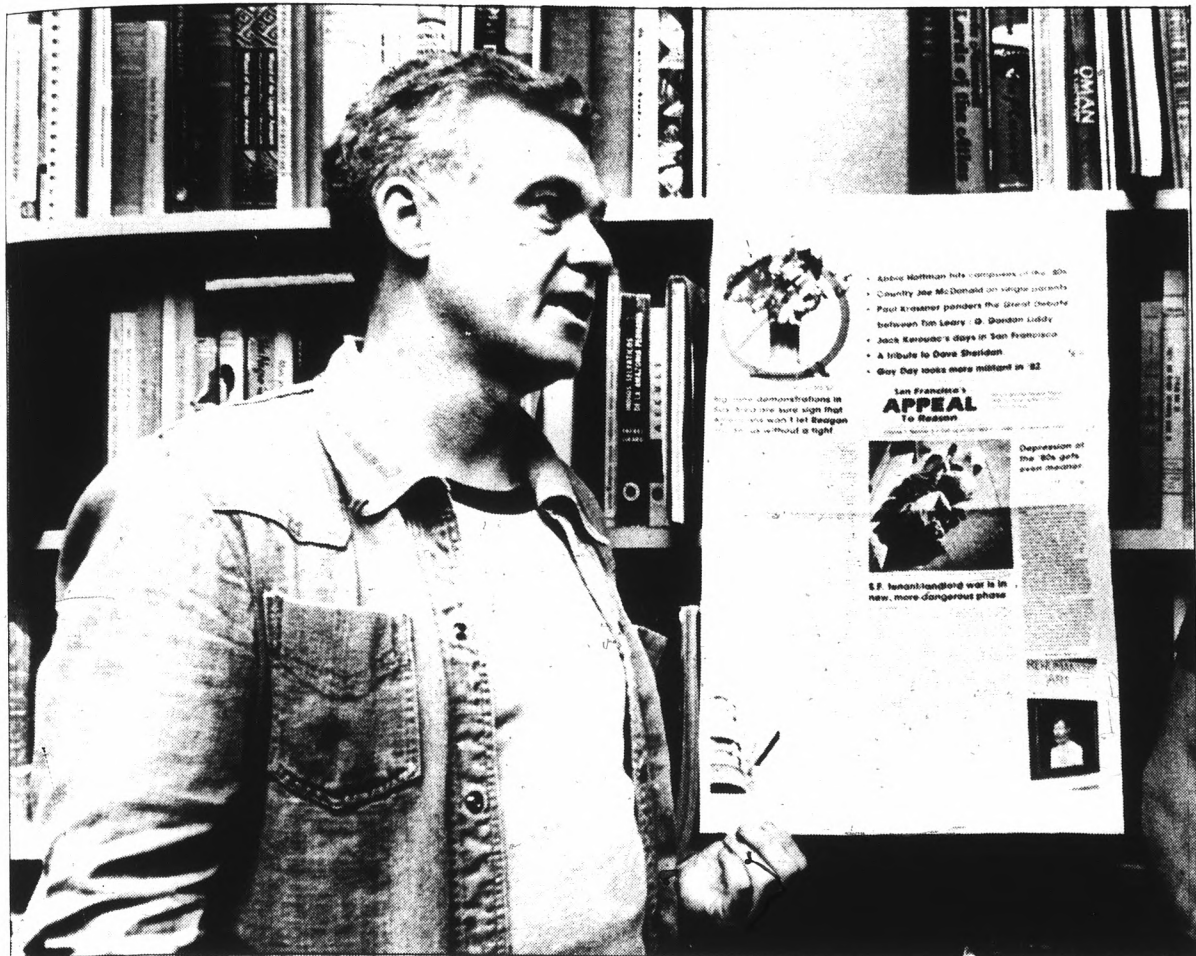
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Appeal to Reason Editor John Bryan calls his newspaper "a voice of opposition."

## Oakland to expose 'johns' of arrested prostitutes

By Brad Kieffer

Buying sex in Oakland will be slightly more hazardous thanks to a resolution passed by the Oakland City Council. Under the resolution, the names of arrested prostitution customers, or "johns," as they are known in police lingo, will be made public.

The resolution passed unanimously at the April 13 meeting but there was some initial confusion over exactly what would be done with the names. Suggestions included publishing the names in the Oakland Tribune/Eastbay Today and the Montclairian newspapers, and Councilman Dick Spees' idea of reading the names at Oakland A's games.

According to Councilwoman Mary Moore, the council decided to read the names aloud once a month at the regular meetings.

According to Sgt. Larry Newman of

the Oakland Police Department Vice Squad, most of the tricks come from out of the Oakland area. He said in 1980 there were 551 prostitution related arrests, and of those, 251 were tricks. But from May 1981 to April 1982, that figure jumped to 722 arrests, 260 of which were tricks.

"We don't have the manpower to handle it," Newman said. "We welcome any help we can get."

"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," Moore said when asked if she supported the reading of names of arrested (suspected) tricks before conviction.

She said the names of those arrested are public record, and if people realize their names might be read at a council meeting, they won't come from neighboring communities.

"We're sick and tired of it," said Anne Simms, a resident of west Oakland

(where many of the prostitution pickups are made).

Moore said the prostitution problem around 30th Street and San Pablo Avenue in west Oakland has been a source of irritation for the past five or six years.

"We face these gals 24 hours a day, parading half naked up and down the street and stopping cars," said Simms, a member of the Hoover-Foster Neighborhood Group. "It's a nuisance and we're sick and tired of it."

"The juries in trials are not affected by prostitution like we are," she said. "They don't come in contact with it, much less live in an area affected by it, so the juries picture it as a victimless crime."

See Johns, page 17

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## New political newspaper may 'Appeal To Reason'

By Peter Rockwell

The gathering of 100 or more people who filled Collum's Books at 1083 Mission St. May 7 looked like the 15-year reunion of the "summer of love."

The party wasn't trying to revive the '60s, but to celebrate the publication of San Francisco's Appeal To Reason, a political and literary newspaper which started this January.

The third issue, which was hung up page by page along one wall for the guests to read, is just as eclectic as the first two. Contributors so far include leftist writer Paul Krassner, hooker's advocate Margo St. James, musician Country Joe McDonald and San Francisco Chronicle reporter Warren Hinkle. There have been interviews with former yippie Abbie Hoffman, filmmaker Costa-Gavras and writer Gore Vidal; and excerpts from speeches by science fiction writer Ray Bradbury, Archbishop John Quinn and historian diplomat George Kennan.

Managing editor John Bryan is an old hand at the news business, both establishment and anti-establishment. In 1952 he began his journalism career as a copy boy on the Cleveland News. Since then he has worked as a reporter or editor on various daily newspapers, including the Chronicle and Examiner. In 1964 he was editor and publisher of an

alternative weekly, Open City Press, in San Francisco. He was editor of the Los Angeles Free Press in 1967, and from 1972 to 1975 he was editor and publisher of a cultural and entertainment biweekly, the San Francisco Phoenix (not to be confused with the SF State Phoenix).

Asked why he is at it again, Bryan said, "I think the shit has hit the fan. If they don't fry us, they'll starve us. I don't want my children fried. People are angry and frustrated. A voice of opposition is needed. That is what I'm trying to provide."

SF State graduate Phil Reser, a 35-year-old Vietnam veteran and last semester's Phoenix editorial page editor, is Appeal To Reason's news editor.

The news reporting doesn't pretend to be objective. The third paragraph in a front-page story on rept control begins: "On March 2, Slumlord/Mayor Dianne Feinstein snarled . . ." But the paper has no ironclad party line. There are stories that will anger male chauvinists, feminists, communists, Democrats, Catholics and anarchists as well as supply-side economists and landlords.

Appeal To Reason also prints poetry, photographs, artwork and humor. The second issue has a funny three-page comic strip by R. Crumb, "I Remember The Sixties," which traces the rise and fall of the hippie counter-culture that sprang up along with the anti-Vietnam

War movement. The comic strip alone could make the issue a collector's item.

Another topnotch bit of humor in the second issue is Jack Mueller's "Dear Mr. President," a series of fictional letters to President Reagan.

Reser said Bryan put up his own money to get the paper started and that so far they have been able to get "a few ads." They hope to keep the presses rolling with proceeds from the 50-cent cover price, subscriptions, advertising and voluntary contributions. He said Country Joe McDonald will headline a fundraiser for Appeal To Reason on June 12 at the Potrero Community Center at 7:30 p.m.

Reser said he hopes the paper can become a "tool of communication" among groups in the community who want to see various kinds of social change. "We're saying 'Are you out there? Are you thinking? Do you want to think?'"

Appeal To Reason is sold at City Lights and Modern Times bookstores in San Francisco and in newspaper racks throughout the Bay Area. Artists, writers and photographers who wish to submit material for publication should send their submissions, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to 495 Ellis St., No. 237, San Francisco, 94102.

### CLASSIFIEDS cont. from pg. 4

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# Anorexia: self-starvation

## Uncontrolled craving for thinness

By Nathalie Ane

Control is the key to understanding the "pursuit of thinness" or "the college girl's disease" — other names for anorexia nervosa.

The disease is characterized as voluntary self-starvation, often to the point of emaciation, due to emotional or psychological aversion to food, gaining weight and eating itself.

According to Mel Gallen, a psychologist specializing in anorexia and bulimia (binge and purge syndrome) at the Peninsula Psychotherapy Center in Menlo Park, the typical characteristic in

anorexia victims is an identity conflict.

"They're intelligent individuals, high achievers and have an excessive desire to please. And, anorectics have an excessive compulsive attitude," said Gallen.

The condition provides a way for them to express suppressed rage.

Sandy (not her real name), a student at SF State, explained how she became a victim of this eating disorder at age 12 and how today, 15 years later, she suffers from the side effects and habits she has developed through the years.

"It's all fuzzy now, but I do remember the conditioning: The only

way to succeed in life is to be thin. As a kid I was athletic and husky. I remember my mother in a drunken stupor talking about me. Well, I was a pudgy tomboy and why shouldn't I have been... I was supposed to be a boy named Erik. I was raised like a boy until I began to develop. Then my father said I should be more feminine, and everything was restricted from then on. Home life was unpleasant. I got pressure at school when everyone got tall and thin, and I didn't.

"When I was old enough, I decided to leave home and go in the Marine Corps. It wasn't what I had anticipated. That's

when anorexia caught up with me. After the first month I was hospitalized for three months. I just wasn't eating and got down to 82 pounds. Then my hair started falling out, but I still wouldn't eat so I was placed in a mental ward. Once I got up to 92 pounds they let me go."

Most conflicting emotional and psychological feelings are deep-rooted within the family, Gallen said.

"There is often a disharmony in the family. Usually, a passive father and a very protective, dominant mother. The anorectic experiences hostile dependency toward the mother. Love/hate emotions set in and, like a child, the anorectic fears the loss of love," he said, adding, "Self-starvation becomes an indirect passive way to express aggression."

According to the National Association of Anorexia and Associated Disorders (ANAD), by refusing food anorectics are symbolically defying the parents they have complied with so long. The denial of food becomes a power struggle.

"Anorectics appear to function, to be perfect but have a fear of being independent, a desire to stay a child and find it difficult to express their sexuality. They are preoccupied with food and exercise and have a distortion of their body image. They perceive themselves as fat although they may be emaciated," Gallen said.

Statistics from Anorexia Nervosa and Related Eating Disorders, Inc. (ANRED) show that 95 percent of all anorectics are white females between the ages of 12 and 25, from middle- and upper-class homes. However, researchers are seeing an increase of the disease in all age groups, all socioeconomic groups and both sexes as more people openly discuss the condition.

"Today at age 27," said Sandy, "I still think in terms that what I weigh is what I am. It's a lonely cutoff. I want to prevent others from doing themselves some harm. I'd like to share feelings to help someone and myself. Maybe talk-



"I still think in terms that what I weigh is what I am. It's a lonely cut-off. I want to prevent others from doing themselves harm."

ing about it will make it easier to stop the binging and purging routine."

There are places to turn to for help. Good therapy, according to ANRED, does not focus on food or behaviors associated with food. Professional, competent psychotherapy is almost

always required to overcome anorexia and bulimia. For more information call or write ANRED, P.O. Box 1012 Grover City, CA, 93433 (805) 773-4303; or the Peninsula Psychotherapy Center 887 Oak Grove Ave, Suite 203 Menlo Park, CA (415) 325-9306.

## Senate seeks heroin treatment for terminal cancer patients

By Laura Broadwell

For many years, the debate over the use of heroin for medical purposes has rambled on, but the introduction of Senate Bill 2013 may resolve the issue by the end of this year.

Initiated in January by Sen. Daniel Inouye, D-Hawaii, the bill now has 20 co-sponsors, including California Sen. S.I. Hayakawa. It awaits a hearing by the Labor and Human Resources Committee.

If passed, doctors will be legally allowed to administer heroin to terminal cancer patients when other painkillers prove ineffective.

According to the American Cancer Society, this year an estimated 835,000 Americans will be diagnosed as having cancer, and more than 400,000 will die from the disease.

Dr. Peter Eisenberg, a cancer specialist at Marin General Hospital, said, for most dying patients, morphine — taken orally or intravenously — is strong enough to ease the pain. But in some acute cases, the body tissue has become so weak it can no longer absorb large amounts of morphine. The drug leaks out of the body, leaving the patient in extreme pain. Other patients experience bad side effects such as nausea, constipation and depression.

Heroin, however, has proved to be a more potent analgesic. Because it is more soluble, heroin can be taken in smaller doses, is more easily absorbed by

the body and causes fewer side effects than morphine. Half a cubic centimeter of heroin is stronger than 16 cubic centimeters of morphine.

In England, heroin has been used medically for 80 years, Eisenberg said. Doctors have found that "Brompton's Mixture," a blend of heroin, cocaine and alcohol, has effectively relieved pain, nausea and depression in cancer patients when taken every four hours while the patient is awake. Doctors say patients remain alert and without pain.

But in the United States, medical and public opinion on heroin use has been mixed. Judith Quattlebaum, director of the National Committee for the Treatment of Intractable Pain, said the major obstacle for the legalization of heroin has been heroin's association with drug addiction.

"I grew up thinking heroin was an evil drug until I saw my grandmother die painfully of cancer," said Quattlebaum.

Dr. Jerome Schofferman, medical director of the San Francisco Hospice, said he has seen 250 patients die in the last two years, 95 percent of them from cancer. "Personally, I don't see the need for heroin," he said.

Schofferman said other drugs such as Dilaudid and morphine are just as effective. He would rather see the money now spent on legalizing heroin put into socialized hospice care.

Eisenberg said he's not opposed to legalizing heroin, but he doesn't think heroin, when taken orally, is any more effective than oral morphine.

Meg Brizzolara, licensed vocational nurse (LVN), cared for a cancer patient for three and a half months before the woman's death. She said her patient, Jaimie, was first given Demerol. As the pain became stronger, Jaimie was switched to a potent mixture of morphine, cocaine and alcohol.

Brizzolara said within 20 minutes of taking this mixture, Jaimie's mood vastly improved. She experienced no pain, and her mind was alert from the cocaine. But toward the end of her life, as her pain increased, she needed something stronger. There was nothing left to give her.

Brizzolara said, "It's the connotation of heroin that people are afraid of — the fear of addiction. But it's ridiculous to think about drug addiction when someone has a terminal illness."

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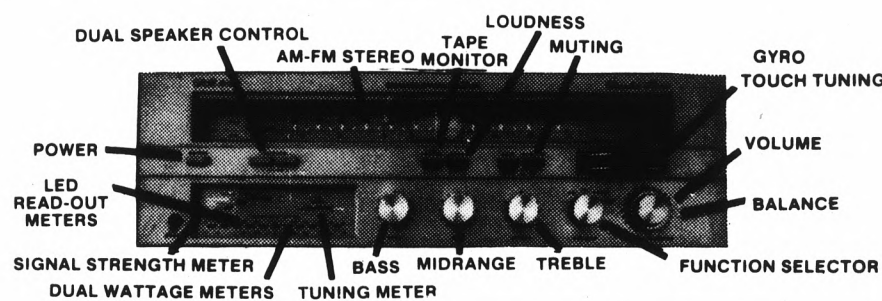
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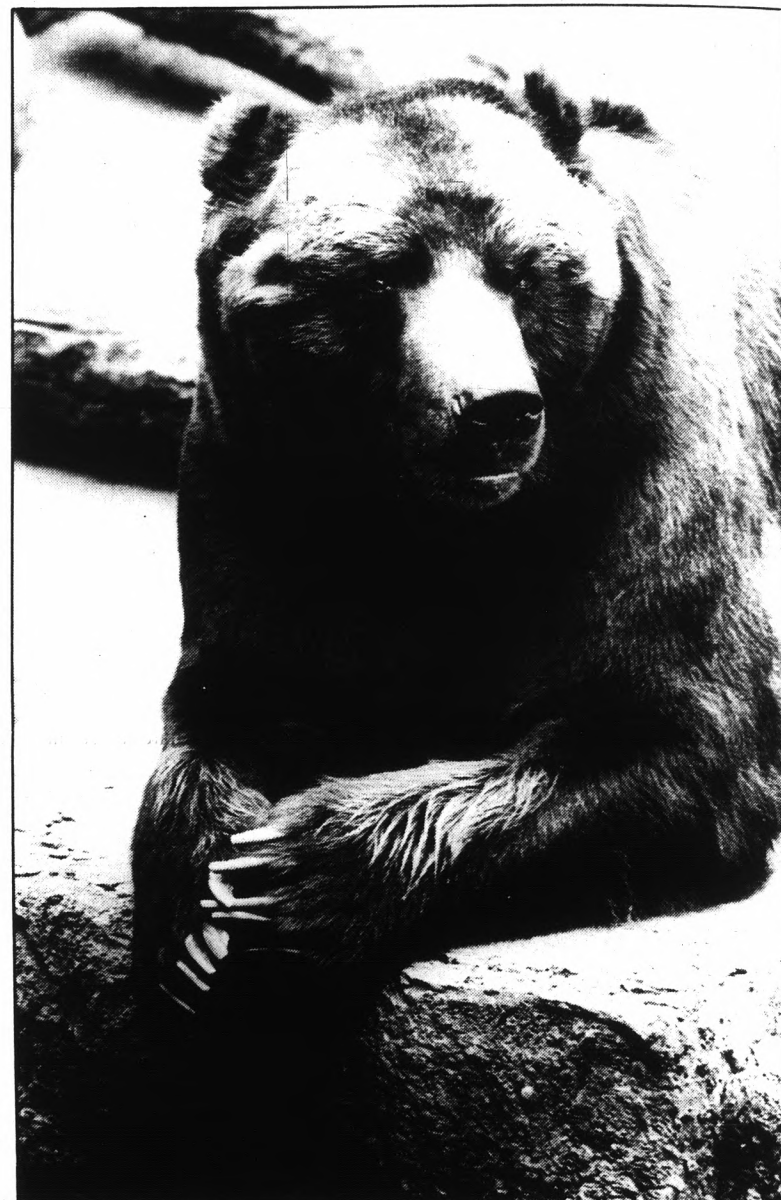
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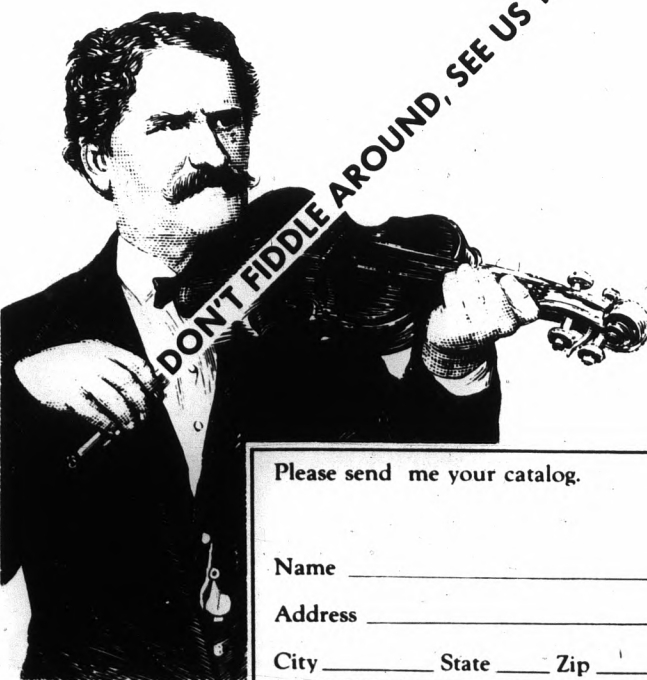
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With the participation of WILHELMENA WIGGINS FERNANDEZ  
Director of photography PHILIPPE ROUSSELOT Set designer HILTON MCCONNICO  
Music composed and conducted by VLADIMIR COSMA  
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# Committee wants cleaner oceans Summer stock at SF State: tradition endures on the stage

By Claudia Iseman

The Congressional Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries has approved a measure to ensure stricter safeguards in controlling the dumping of radioactive waste on the ocean floor.

## Sneak review of a sneak preview

By S.F. Yee

"Garp." One name says it all. And now "The World According to Garp" is a film, to be released in late July. A full-house Monday night at McKenna Theater got to preview what has "Oscar" written all over it.

Robin Williams is Garp. But one can never escape the thought that Williams is still Mork. In "The World According to Garp," he is a little of both. But this time, Williams' Mork is a more serious, contemplating, mature and responsible Mork.

The film, directed and produced by George Roy Hill ("Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and "The Sting") and written by Steve Tesich ("Breaking Away") is a fairly faithful rendition of John Irving's phenomenally successful 1978 book of the same name.

"Garp" is great — great not how the word is overused nowadays — but truly is. It is awfully funny, poignant, violent, tragic and real — the way life is. But if you who missed the AS Performing Arts-sponsored event, you'll have to wait another two months. Waiting in itself is the way life is too.

## Aid

Continued from page 1

tween 1,005 students. This year SF State will receive \$506,002 — a 25 percent decrease. How many students this must be divided between remains uncertain.

Baker said that Congress is still considering tightening up the eligibility requirements for students applying for financial aid.

"Last year if a student came from a family with an income of \$30,000 or more, he had to take a needs test to see if he was eligible," Baker said. "This year they're trying to lower the income level. Some senators are pushing to tighten the eligibility requirements and some want the needs test to be mandatory for all students who apply."

The needs test determines the family's income, number of family members and how recently the student lived with the family, Baker said.

Baker said if the test proved the family could contribute to a student's education, that student probably wouldn't be eligible even though the family, for whatever reason, will not provide support. As a result, he said, it is becoming harder for students under 25 to prove their eligibility for the programs.

"This doesn't really affect the students here at SF State," he said, "because most of the students who apply are independent or are from families with low incomes."

Baker said the campus-based programs will not be drastically hurt by the reductions in federal money, because

"The biggest disadvantage of nuclear energy is the radioactive waste it produces," said John Cullather, an aide to Rep. Glenn M. Anderson, D-San Pedro, who drafted an amendment to the Ocean Dumping Act. The amendment was approved by the full congressional committee on May 5.

According to Cullather, another, larger problem is the adverse effects the radioactive waste has on human and marine life.

Byron Nelson, a spokesman for the Environmental Protection Agency, said the agency has been "harshly criticized" for not enforcing strict safeguards.

"How can we be criticized when there hasn't been a dumping permit issued in 10 years?" said Nelson.

In 1974 the EPA discovered a concentration of radioactive leakage in the ocean waters off the Farallon Islands, located 30 miles from San Francisco. Cullather said the EPA claimed the leakage was not enough to pose a threat to human or marine life.

Anderson makes no claims that the dumping has caused direct adverse ecological effects, but he feels there hasn't been sufficient research to prevent leakage from happening in the future. Proposed disposal of naval nuclear submarines off the Northern California coast is a major concern.

The controversy over ocean dumping stems from an incident which occurred 11 years ago. Cullather explained that the EPA issued dumping permits to several companies. A congressional committee later investigated the dump site and discovered large drums containing radioactive waste which had burst. The EPA claimed to have examined the dumpsite previously and knew nothing

of the burst drums.

If Congress and the president pass Anderson's amendment to the Ocean Dumping Act, it will allow Congress to intervene in the decision to issue permits.

Under the proposed amendment, a permit to dump radioactive waste in the ocean will not take effect for 45 legislative days. The applicant must submit a detailed list including the exact amount of radioactive waste inside the containers and a thorough report examining the environmental impact on human health and marine life. The applicant must also produce a plan for removal of the containers if they are leaking radioactive waste. Congress will make the final decision on each permit.

Nelson said the EPA is "welcome to any suggestions concerning the preservation of the environment." But, he also said it is important to remember that it takes time to research problems and form regulations.

According to Cullather, Congress will begin reviewing the amendment immediately and if approved it should become law this summer.

## Tickets

When the Performing Arts Services opens its new half-price ticket booth, San Francisco Ticket Box Office Service (STBS) customers will get more than a stub for their money.

The STBS booth will be open Tuesday through Saturday from noon to curtain time and Sunday from noon to 5 p.m. There will be a service charge ranging from 50 cents to \$2 depending on the price of the ticket.

## Panther

Continued from page 4

country's better off today than if Carter had been re-elected."

Cleaver defends Reagan's economic policies and adroitly sidesteps the problems of inflation and unemployment.

"There's plenty of money in the country for everybody. The corporations have it, Reagan says we should go to the corporations for money. We should take him up on that," he said.

Is Reagan's massive defense buildup putting an unbearable strain on the backs of many Americans, especially the poor and disadvantaged?

"I support the military establishment in the country. The United States should be second to none in military strength. There should be no Soviet advantage," Cleaver declared, but adds, "The economy in this country is in deep, deep trouble." He didn't elaborate.

In defending democracy, Cleaver again mentioned what he said are com-

munist countries' repression of freedom by brutal police force.

But wasn't that the case during the 1960s, when thousands of anti-war demonstrators were arrested, phones were illegally tapped and other violations of the constitution were common?

"Those were just a few people," he said with a wave of his hand.

What about the Black Panthers and the police — a mutual hatred that led to deaths on both sides?

"That was just a one-sided affair. The cops were in the middle. I respect them now. I can see where they're coming from," he said.

It doesn't disturb the one-time militant black spokesman that some black students at the rally denounced him as "zebra" and a "sellout."

"It doesn't dampen my spirits," he said. "I used to say the same things about Martin Luther King. He wanted peace, and I wanted war."

valuable part of its staff when the department decided there was not enough money in the budget to continue the high-school apprenticeships that account for a substantial part of the labor used in productions.

"Seven students from Fairfield, who were here last summer, brought some of their friends and begged to continue the program," said Nelson. "They caught us quite by surprise, and we decided to go with the program on a smaller scale." Only 13 students will be participating this summer.

The program has been expanded to include three children's plays along with the usual format — two musicals, two comedies and a mystery — which has been used for SF State's six seasons of summer stock.

"I wonder how we're going to do all the work with half the staff," said Nelson. "All the work" involves costumes, sets and music, which are done by all members of the troupe to give each person a perspective on the entire theater experience.

What the audience gets, or what Nelson hopes it gets out of the productions, is "lots of fun."

"We're not doing Shakespeare or Sam Shepard," said Nelson. "Simply, we are doing plays that are delightful."

This season's productions are:

"70, Girls, 70," a comedy about and performed by senior citizens; "Angel Street," a mystery about a 15-year-old murder; "Pools Paradise," a British farce about the misplacing of a football pool; "Side by Side by Sondheim," a collage of songs by Stephen Sondheim; and "The Importance of Being Earnest." Oscar

Wilde's classic comedy of manners. The children's theater will present: "Androcles and the Lion," a fantasy; "Johnny Moonbeam and the Silver Arrow," a story of a young Indian; and "Alice in Wonderland," Louis Carroll's classic charmer.

Today at 3 p.m. comedian Marty Cohen will be performing at a benefit in McKenna Theater for the summer stock program. The money raised will be divided among student members in the company. "It won't be more, but it is a gesture in the direction we'd like to go," Nelson said.

Tickets are available through the Creative Arts box office.

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## Johns

Continued from page 13

Simms doesn't blame the police for letting it get out of hand. "Their hands are tied," she said. "If they arrest someone, he will just be back on the street in 45 minutes."

Lt. William Groszard of the San Francisco Police Department Vice Squad said the same idea probably wouldn't work in San Francisco since the residents are more liberal minded and tolerant of prostitution.

"And besides," he said, "certain areas in San Francisco where prostitution is active, like the Tenderloin, get economic gain out of it."

Groszard doesn't believe prostitution is a victimless crime. "The girls themselves are the victims," he said.

## Vets

Continued from page 11

anything."

Joaquin Conlas joined the U.S. Coast Guard in the Philippines in 1959. In 1979, Conlas left the Coast Guard as an American citizen and tried to get into school.

"High school in the Philippines only goes to the equivalent of 10th grade in the states, so no university would take me here. I need a program like the VUB to help me get my GED."

Without VUB, Conlas doubts he will ever attend a university. "I am 42 years old. I gave the Coast Guard the prime of my life. It's only proper they give me the benefits they promised," he said.

VSAP, a 12-unit semester course in which veterans can take college-level math, English and social science courses, also enables veterans to brush up on skills to aid their entry to the university. SF State's VSAP serves about 80 veterans a year.

According to Keir, if Vietnam

veterans can't get work-study jobs and advanced pay, they will have to work full time and would therefore be unable to participate in any veterans programs.

The Veterans Certification Office will also be affected by the passing of these bills. With a staff of four work-study employees, Mike Felker, clerk and coordinator of the Veterans Certification Office, certifies each veteran and their dependants. The third bill in the package will require the certification of each veteran on a monthly basis.

"We certify 850 veterans each semester," said Felker. "If the bill passes, I'll lose all of my staff, and I'll have too much work for one person to do."

All three of the bills are pending before the House Committee on Veterans Affairs. No action on the bills is expected before the end of the summer.

## PERFORMING ARTS

### STATE OF THE ART

This year has been a good one, we think, for Associated Students Performing Arts.

As the major University events programmer we've tried to reach the campus-at-large, and also connect our work to the campus community through co-sponsorships with various organizations and academic departments. We hope we've helped build a sense of community here at State.

It's been our goal this year to put San Francisco State back on the map as an important programming venue. We've delivered some exciting major music acts, a meaningful lecture series and a first-rate film program—all at Peoples Prices. Where else could you see Van Morrison for 5 bucks instead of 12, Lily Tomlin for \$4 instead of \$15, Greg Kihn for \$3.50 instead of \$9.50, Rita Mae Brown or Gore Vidal for \$2 instead of \$7... And all that important talent from the local music scene for free: Romeo Void, Alex deGrassi, and the upcoming Punks show. Further, we've been able to provide some unique programming for the Bay Area: Michael Manley, former Prime Minister of Jamaica, film director Martin Ritt, the poetry of Gil Scott-Heron and Lily Tomlin introducing her latest character.

We hope to do more of this kind of innovative programming next year. We feel that we have accomplished a difficult task: providing good, challenging programming at very inexpensive prices while tripling our success in heading toward a breakeven point. And our work this year has paid off if campus response is an indication of success: over 30,000 people attended our events last year.

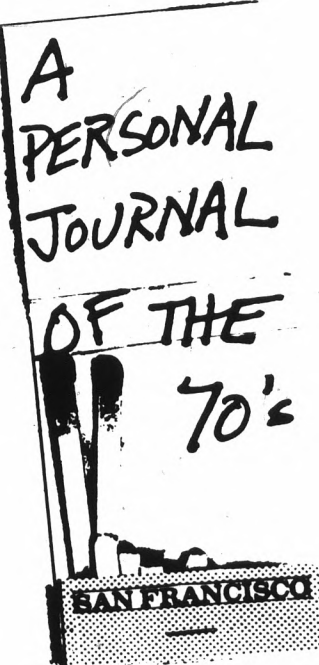
A final word of sincere thanks and appreciation to those in the following campus operations who helped us this semester: the Associated Students Legislature and support staff, A.S. Communications, the Student Union Administration, Tech Services, Custodians, SAGA Foods, Auxiliary Accounting, Educational Support Services, Student Life Services, Creative Arts, Campus Security, and the Golden Gate and Phoenix. A final salute to our very exceptional staff and dedicated volunteers who really put this show on the road.

Well, we're burned out. We hope you've enjoyed our quest for fire. We look forward to the future.

Jeff Marmer and Fritz Kasten

GORE VIDAL, RITA MAE BROWN, MICHAEL MANLEY, DICK GREGORY, MARTIN RITT, LUIS VALDEZ, JERRY GARCIA, GREG KIHN, VAN MORRISON, TAJ MAHAL, KENNY RANKIN, AIRTO, FLORA PURIM, ALEX deGRASSI, ROMEO VOID, PUNKS, GIL SCOTT-HERON, LILY TOMLIN, ABBIE HOFFMAN

Jack and Jim



Jim Brogan

Jim Brogan—  
Professor of English  
at San Francisco State  
will be signing his book

Jack and Jim  
on

Thursday, May 20  
from 1:00 to 3:00 pm  
Franciscan Shops  
Main Floor—  
Student Union



# Arts



By Toru Kawana

Songwriter and lead singer for the Punts, Bonnie Hayes enthusiasm warmed the crowd at the Barbary Coast.

## Punts purvey pure pop

By Joseph H. Ackerman

"I got a penchant for the printed page. I'd give my last dime for coverage But they will not cover me."

"Coverage" by Bonnie Hayes

The Punts, courtesy of those hard-working folks at Associated Students Performing Arts, played in the Barbary Coast yesterday. "Who?" I hear you ask. Wait. There may soon come a day when everyone knows of the Punts.

They are led by Bonnie Hayes who writes the songs, sings them and plays keyboards. She has asymmetrically cut blonde hair (one side is short, the other shorter), a lot of energy, a good band and a pair of smiling eyes that just won't quit. She also has fun doing what she does, and that, more than anything else,

came through at yesterday's show.

Wearing a loose red blouse, black miniskirt and pointy elf boots, Hayes led guitarist Paul Davis, bassist Hank Manning and drummer Kevin Hayes (her younger brother) through an energetic 12 song set.

The audience reacted sluggishly at first but was soon swept up by the infectious enthusiasm that poured off the stage. Unless you have a pasted-on attitude, it is very difficult not to have a good time watching a band of musicians who are so obviously enjoying themselves.

It is this freshness, this sense of the pure joy they get from being the Punts that will be a prime factor in their success (assuming it comes).

If there is any way to gauge it, successful they will be. At least, all the necessary ingredients are present. The songs show a strong sense of melody, are

at once sophisticated yet accessible, simple but not simple-minded. They are not dangerous songs by any means. They will fuel no campus riots nor will they cause children to reject their parents' value systems. They are just good pop songs, well written and well performed.

With a little help from Slash Records (who are scheduled to release the band's first album, "Good Clean Fun," early next month) and more importantly, radio programmers across the country, there should be no stopping them.

If you saw them yesterday, you know. If you didn't and are interested, you can see them tomorrow night at the Old Waldorf and Saturday afternoon on Castro Street at the Fourth Annual Harvey Milk birthday celebration.

Okay, Bonnie, here's your coverage. But a word of advice: Be careful. You may get more than you bargained for.

## Inclination to publication, SF State student does it all

By Ellenoria Duvall-Butler

Wearing the latest in rockabilly fashion with a turquoise rabbit's foot dangling from her ear, 22-year-old SF State student Sherry Porter is a most unusual author, not only in appearance but in accomplishments.

She has not only written but photographed, designed, typeset and packaged a book of poetry, "The Brain Must Be Ruled Out."

"I had no idea I was going to write a book," said Porter. "It all sort of fell together as an outgrowth of my graphics reproduction class."

Initially, Porter just wanted to have a successful class project, and business cards or stationery were out of the question, she said.



By Michael Jacobs

Sherry Porter, SF State "punkabilly girl," is the multi-talented author of "The Brain Must Be Ruled Out."

REALITY IS A FARCE

Reality is a farce.

It is non-existent except in your own mind.

A Saran Wrap bubble encases you As you roll along through the world.

You don't want anyone to get too close Or put a tear in your plastic coating.

You may argue, saying there is a reality.

But what is it?

— Sherry Porter  
"The Brain Must Be Ruled Out"

privileges that are extended to faculty. I wrote and asked for permission and never received a response.

"The photomontages are the result of a history of photography class," said Porter. "The drawings on many pages sprung from doodlings, and typesetting is how I earn a living."

Porter said many of her poems make a personal statement about people's inability to stop judging on appearance. She said people miss opportunities to know others when they judge them by their clothes alone.

Porter's fashion statement is eclectic. "I have always loved the clothes from the mid-'50s and '60s," she said. "They wore white lace petticoats, full skirts, and the women looked feminine."

Porter said she wrote the majority of her poems during semester breaks, and several are dedicated to her pet boa constrictor who died some months ago.

"People were always misjudging Bella," said Porter. "Because snakes move on their bellies and are cold-

blooded, people are taught to fear them, but once you realize they want and need love like other creatures, they make beautiful pets."

Soon Porter will be starting another publication — a magazine to be titled Rebel.

"It's a punk and rockabilly magazine to promote local bands. Once the idea was created I was surprised to find so many people willing to lend their assistance. The magazine is designed to give folks access to good entertainment."

"I get upset with people not doing things with their lives; people who complain but who are not doing anything," Porter said.

According to Porter, a person should not just read her book once.

"I like to catch people off guard," said Porter. "I am making a personal comment on everything I do."

"I use words and syllables to describe thoughts and meanings," Porter said. "People must think about what I'm saying."

## Radio loses cutting edge

By S.F. Yee

Jenny said when she was just 5 years old  
"You know there's nothing happening at all"  
Every time she put on the radio  
There was nothing going down at all  
Not at all

One fine morning she puts on her New York station  
and she couldn't believe what she heard at all.  
She started dancing to that fine fine fine music  
Ooh, her life was saved by rock 'n' roll  
Hey baby, Rock 'n' Roll . . .

— Lou Reed  
"Rock 'n' Roll"

Jenny wouldn't have made it in this town. She would have either died or moved out, as the song goes, "despite all the amputations."

Even before the demise of KSNB as one of the last of the late '60s "free-form, progressive FM" rock radio stations (in November 1980), the state of popular FM radio in the Bay Area was quite poor — with few exceptions.

"San Francisco has historically been a 'progressive culture market.' It's sort of on the cutting edge the way New York and Boston have been," said Howie Klein, journalist, part-time KUSF disc jockey and owner of 415 Records.

"But the way FM radio is now, San Francisco is not only not on the cutting edge, it's far below average," said Klein, who periodically rates the radio playlists of stations around the country.

"The philosophy here is pretty much, 'we don't make the hits, we play the hits,'" he said, referring to top-rated stations such as KMET which wait for more innovative stations to "break" a hit record.

The basic problem, according to Klein, is that the people responsible for radio programming are just "not in touch" with their audience. Still, other industry insiders have claimed that those same programming people no longer mentally function because of major cocaine abuse.

"That's really fucked, because San Francisco has traditionally been a market that's done more than its share (of 'making hits')," said Klein. "I wish these stations would at least do their share, let alone be a leader."

One of those radio stations doing "their share" is the campus station, KUSF. But, according to Klein, even KUSF has a few inherent problems. Although the station has recently switched to stereo, it is only 3,500 watts strong and its limited signal is beamed mostly to the north and east. There are parts of the city where KUSF, at 90.3 FM, cannot be picked up.

Besides its technical shortcomings, Klein also believes that limited broadcast hours (new music isn't played between 6 and 11:30 p.m. and usually not on weekends) and a mostly inexperienced all-volunteer student staff, is "not the same as if we were a station with a big signal and professional staff that could devote a lot of time to do it."

Still, Klein thinks the city should be proud of KUSF ("one of the best campus stations in the country") and while it has little influence on the "big" stations, it does greatly influence the people who listen to it.

"They (programming people around the country) are starting to realize that as far as sensing trends, campus radio around the country may be a much more viable factor since the early underground radio era," said Ron Fell, managing editor of the San Francisco-based radio programming guide, the Gavin Report.

Closer to home is SF State's KSFS, which has greater obstacles than its crosstown peer. Broadcasting at 100.7 on FM cable, KSFS can primarily be picked up in the dorms and in the Student Union. Because of an overly crowded FM dial, it is unlikely KSFS will ever hit the airwaves unless it finds an existing station to share time with, or one that doesn't want its license anymore.

Like KUSF, KSFS also plays a lot of new music, in addition to soul, jazz and reggae. The station also includes news, sports and public affairs programs.

"Today, the (new) music business is thriving. Unfortunately, radio is not responding and reflecting the activities of the business," said Marc Dyer, the station's incoming program director.

"There's so much that's being ignored. Ten years ago, 'free-form/progressive' FM radio was so open and you could play anything. Some great music was coming out, but it's not anywhere like that today," he said of the wide varieties of music available.

Dyer believes that the recent changes in radio station formats are a result of "the trying times the industry is in right now."

KSNB has turned to country music, KSFX (now KGO-FM) has turned from rock to disco, back to rock and on to an all-talk format, while KRQR (once KCBS-FM) has changed from playing mostly oldies to a heavy metal-hard rock slant.

According to Fell, KCBS-FM was up against stiff competition from KLOK before switching formats. The KSFX change was due to an economic-efficiency move, and according to Fell, had little to do with the ratings rise of KRQR.

Fell believes that the all talk KGO-FM will fail simply because of something he calls "shared listenership on a band." While listeners have a choice between KCBS and KGO on the AM dial, KGO-FM is all by itself on the FM side. So if a listener were to become dissatisfied with KGO-FM, he or she would probably go back to the AM side and stay there.

"It's ridiculous and people are buying it," Dyer said about the lame state of radio content. "They (listeners) are not thinking much about it and they accept it as the norm."

But advertisers, according to Howie Klein, are getting very selective about the quality of listener—rather than just the quantity of listeners—they are spending their money on and trying to sell their product to. This factor, said Klein, could turn radio programming around.

"If you go for the lowest common denominator and you play a lot of REO Speedwagon and Styx—this very low mentality music—it attracts a very low-level audience," he said.

"So it might be a very big audience, yes, but the IQ of the kind of people that are attracted to that kind of thing is so low that they can't retain any kind of message."

Klein sees the comeback of real music on the radio as an "abstract concept." He recalled when, as a DJ he made a "big move" by playing early Pink Floyd, Grateful Dead and the Who—all once alternatives to the mainstream—as he was laughed into a 2 a.m. DJ slot.

KMET and KRQR's idea of "progressive" is what was progressive in the 1960s, not the 1980s, he said.

"The real battle is a more abstract battle. The real battle is: 'Will stations open themselves up to play music on the edge?'"

Currently, Klein's 415 Records has a distribution deal with CBS where the latter will distribute most of 415's product and not just the recently popular group, Romeo Void.

"The record companies are a little more progressive than the radio," he said. "But still even CBS cannot force a station to play a record."

Former KSNB and KSFX DJ and SF State graduate Richard Gossett will be filling in Klein's 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. slot at KUSF today.

"KSFX was No. 1 when Richard was on (Saturday nights), so why wouldn't they have the fuckin' brains to say, 'Oh, look at that—look how well we do when Richard's on. Maybe we ought to do what Richard does (play his own choice of records).'"

"You think they even thought of that? Never," said Klein disgustedly. Obviously, stupidity figures prominently in Klein's opinion of many high-ranking mainstream radio people.

In the meantime, Jenny will just have to listen to her campus radio station for anything to happen at all.

## Two views of Ansel Adams

Exhibition recreates 1936.

By Daphne Gray

Ansel Adams mixed amicably with reporters and photographers at a reception announcing the opening of his new exhibit at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.

"An American Place, 1936" isn't really new but is a recreation of Adams' only exhibition at the Alfred Stieglitz New York gallery. It was the photographer's first major show and an immediate success.

Twenty-nine of the 45 photos, on exhibition through July 4; are from the original presentation. The others have been recreated by Adams in the same style he used some 46 years ago.

The show is unique, for the subject matter differs from the landscapes for which Adams is so well-known. These photos are intimate studies of nature or manmade objects, none larger than 8 by 10 inches, among them: a snow-covered oak tree; leaves (taken at Mills College in 1931); the stone lion guarding the entrance to Sutro Gardens; a weathered fence in South San Francisco; a gravestone; scissors and thread; a factory.

All demonstrate great depth of field, and their sharp focus emphasizes texture and detail. This style is typical of the work of Group f/64, a West Coast affiliation of photographers that Adams helped found in 1932.

At 80, the artist looks good. Wearing a dark red jacket, blue shirt, dark pants and a string tie with a large turquoise stone, Adams seemed pleased with the exhibition. He paused frequently, removing his black-rimmed glasses to allow photographers a more intimate image of his face. He smiled a lot and signed autographs.

He lamented, however, that "nobody works at photography anymore. They make pictures but don't make photographs. It's basically a craft," he said.

For information on the exhibit, call Jeanne Collins at 863-8800.

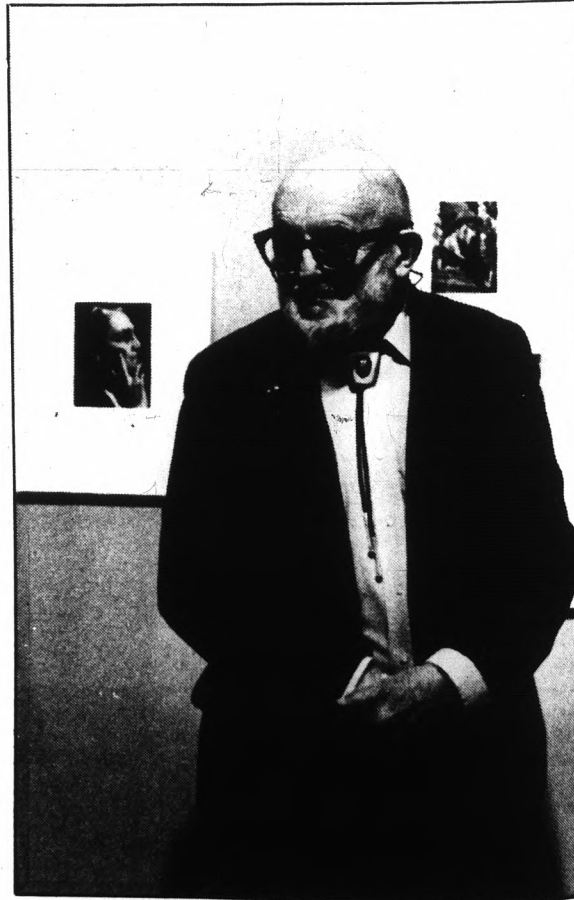
'Unknown' and classic works.

Photographer Ansel Adams' celebrated as well as lesser-known works make up a show at the California Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park that beckons the aspiring photographer.

Tremendous enlargements of "Aspens," "Moonrise" and various Yosemite pieces considered Adams' chef d'oeuvres command attention, but the many works never or rarely exhibited previously tantalize the Adams aficionado like a never-before-tried dish lures the gourmet.

Photographs of a Japanese internment camp in the Sierra document the hardships and striving of the people imprisoned behind electric fences.

A handful of color photographs illustrate Adams' use of what seems like a totally different medium when contrasted



By Richard Bricker

Ansel Adams was on hand for the opening of his exhibit, "An American Place, 1936."

with his black and white pieces.

Adams' first works from the 1910s help the viewer envision the artist's fascination with lighting that later became his hallmark.

His portraits of various artists in the late 1920s show another facet of Adams' talent. Works from 1981 and 1982 reveal the waxing of the 80-year-old photographer's abilities.

The two-part exhibit, "Ansel Adams 80th Birthday Retrospective" and "The Unknown Ansel Adams," runs through Labor Day. The admission price (\$1.50 for adults and 50 cents for seniors and children) pays for entrance to all exhibits at the academy except the planetarium. For information call 752-8268.

## Po

By Barry L. and Steven

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# Sports

## Post-season woes haunt great seasons

By Barry Locke  
and Steven Harmon

When the SF State baseball team fell short in last week's Western Regionals it characterized the school's entire spring sports season. Time and again teams and athletes reached the other side of the rainbow only to see their pot of gold snatched away from them.

That's not to say the sports program didn't enjoy success. There were four conference championship teams, six teams had athletes qualify for the Division II Nationals, three athletes won conference Player of the Year awards and four coaches received Coach of the Year laudits.

The close-but-no-cigar trend began with the men's basketball team. Picked to finish third in the Far Western Conference, the Gator's 10-2 conference record earned them the host spot in the FWC's first-ever Shaughnessy playoffs.

Fans jammed Gator gym both nights of the Shaughnessy, and SF State didn't disappoint. A 70-63 victory over UC Davis on Friday and a 71-59 thrashing of Sacramento State the following night sent the team to Bakersfield for the NCAA Division II Western Regionals.

A 58-50 loss to Cal-State Bakersfield ended the Gator's dreams of a national championship. Their 20-10 overall record marked the second 20-victory mark in three years for the men's basketball team.

Coach Kevin Wilson and his starting five won conference honors. Wilson was named Coach of the Year in his first, and possibly only, season as head coach. Lyle Damon returns from sabbatical next year to reclaim his team, sending Wilson back to the assistant coaching ranks.

The Player of the Year Award went to junior center Neal Hickey. Ironically, Hickey wasn't even a starter until the fifth game of the season after he came off the bench to score 16 points against nationally ranked University of San Francisco.

Guard Peter Garrett made second team all-league and Seven Domencus, Craig Brazil and Keith Hazell (who missed postseason play because of a serious knee injury) were honorable mention selections.

Like the men's squad, the women's basketball team enjoyed a banner year before meeting with a similar fate in postseason play down south.

The Gators completed a 13-1 regular season by smothering Hayward 89-45 and they seemed to peak just in time for the NCAA Division II Quarterfinals against Cal-Poly Pomona, the nation's top-ranked Division II team.

Ranked 13th in the nation, SF State's Golden State Conference champions traveled to Pomona to play on the Bronco's home court. At stake was a trip to



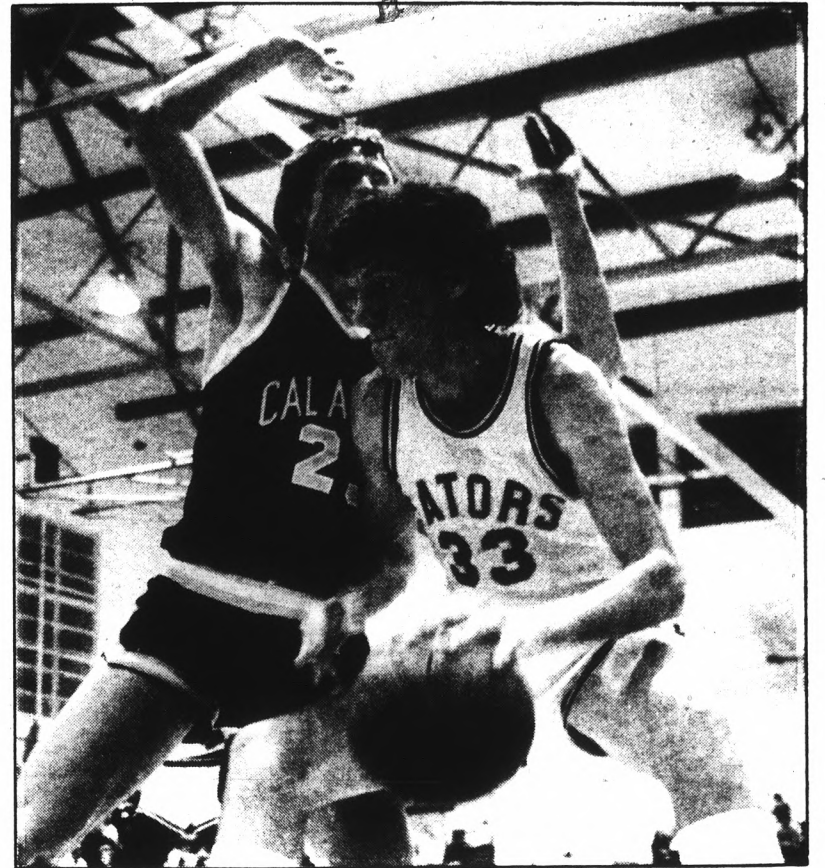
By Steven Harmon

**FWC Pitcher of the Year Butch Baccala blossomed this year with a 12-2 mark.**



By Jan Gauthier

**Gymnast Cindy Lazzarino won the NCAA Division II national championship in the vault.**



By Toru Kawana

**On his way to FWC Player of the Year honors, Neal Hickey led the Gators to the FWC championship.**

Springfield, Mass., and a berth in the Division II Final Four tournament.

The Gators, playing without 6-foot-2-inch center Lisa Broking, who injured her knee in practice, shot only 33 percent from the floor and lost to Pomona 81-60.

The Pomona game was the last in the illustrious Gator career of Patty Harmon. The school's most prolific scorer (including men), Harmon was the GSC Player of the Year and an honorable mention All-American.

Diane Williams, Lisa Broking, Trina Easley and Carmen Yates were honorable mention selections.

Coach Emily Manwaring was awarded with the conference's Coach of the Year award for leading her team to its best overall record (21-7).

Another team which enjoyed a record-setting season was the women's swim team. A 10th-place finish in the Nationals and 17 school records made Coach Bob Madrigal's first year at SF State the best in the team's history.

Liz Cunha was the Gator's top performer in the Nationals at Northeast Missouri State University. She placed third in the 200-meter butterfly, fourth

in the 200-meter freestyle and fifth in the 500-meter freestyle. She also finished sixth in the 100-meter individual medley, and she anchored the 800-meter freestyle relay team, which came in sixth.

Mimi O'Sullivan and Theresa Ferrari each turned in two top-10 performances: O'Sullivan in the 100-meter backstroke (eighth) and 200-meter backstroke (ninth) and Ferrari in the 200-meter backstroke (fifth) and 100-meter backstroke (eighth).

Ferrari and Lori Aragon were eliminated from one event each when it was discovered that their qualifying times were recorded in an unofficial "telephone meet" (a meet in which two teams compare times over the phone instead of competing together).

The NCAA reprimanded Madrigal, the GSC Coach of the Year, for submitting the times. He pleaded ignorance, saying he didn't know phone meets weren't official.

Another coach's flub resulted in a Gator star athlete's failure to attain national recognition.

Men's tennis Coach Dave Irwin, in failing to send the eligibility entrance form to the NCAA National Selection Committee, ruined John Sutter's hopes

of competing nationally.

Sutter, this year's FWC singles champion, was bound for the NCAA Division II national tournament in Miami, Fla., but instead wound up paying his own way as an alternate. Sutter didn't get to play because no player defaulted in the first round of the tournament.

Wrestler Kevin Newsome, whose chances to compete in the NCAA Division I finals were dashed only by a knee injury, led his squad to a FWC championship title and 10th place in the Division II finals.

Finishing his year at 39-4, Newsome was scheduled to represent the entire FWC at the Ames, Iowa, Division I finals before straining knee ligaments during the practice session heading into the finals.

Other notable Gator wrestlers whose seasons ended less painfully were All-Americans Adrian Leveaux and Mario Decaro, finishing seventh and eighth respectively in the Division II Nationals.

The last SF State team to suffer a loss in regional competition was the baseball team.

Three-time FWC Coach of the Year Orrin Freeman guided his 25-8 baseball club to a second consecutive conference

title only to fall to the Southern California mystique for the second straight year. The Gators were eliminated from the Western Regionals after losses to Northridge and Riverside.

Though the conference clincher didn't come until the final game against Hayward, the climax of the season actually occurred the previous weekend in the last three-game series with Davis.

After pursuing Davis most of the year, SF State entered the series one game ahead of Davis. In the pivotal second game, FWC Player of the Year Tom Sheek smashed a last-out, two-strike, game-tying home run to send the Gators into extra innings and an 8-5 win.

One of the brightest aspects of the baseball season was the emergence of sophomore Butch Baccala as the ace starting pitcher. Earning FWC Pitcher of the Year, Baccala eased to a 12-2, 2.43 (11-0, 2.00 FWC) record. Baccala and the rest of the pitching staff were supported by a team offense which produced 57 home runs in 48 games and a .348 average.

Evans Andropoulos was the offense's catalyst, batting .401, reaching base at a .499 percentage. Leading in home runs for the third straight year was all-time

home run king, Todd Lee, with eight.

Gary Kossick ended his eminent two-year Gator career by setting a school record of 61 RBIs.

The one Gator athlete who claimed the pot of gold which eluded so many others was gymnast Cindy Lazzarino. Competing in Springfield, Mass., in front of 2,500 people, Lazzarino won the Division II national championship in the vault.

Her performance, which also included a fourth-place finish in the all-around competition and a fifth in the uneven parallel bars, led the Gator gymnasts to a seventh-place finish. Teammate Darcy Heath placed third in the uneven bars and 14th in the all-around.

Ultimately, the "hard" luck which haunted Gator athletes all semester caught up with Lazzarino. By winning the vault, she qualified for the Division I Nationals, but the NCAA powers-that-be mysteriously scheduled the Division I Nationals (in Utah) and the Division II competition for the same weekend. So while Lazzarino was in Massachusetts qualifying for the Division I Nationals, they were already passing her by in Utah.

Even gold gets tarnished.

## Bay to Breakers: running a 23-minute mile

By Douglas Amador

I never had delusions of grandeur about winning last Sunday's 71st annual Bay to Breakers Race, but I never dreamed it would take me 23 minutes to run the first mile either.

I certainly could not have done it without the help of 50,000 other runners in the race touted as the nation's largest.

I ran the 7.63 miles from the Embarcadero to the beach in the official time of one hour, 23 minutes and 49 seconds. Take away the 12 minutes it took to reach the starting line, and I did just under one hour and 12 minutes.

The human congestion the first mile caused a jam worse than Bay Bridge traffic at dinner time. Wall-to-wall runners hampered my efforts to break a sweat, resulting in the hard-to-believe 23-minute mile.

Just getting to the race was almost as much of an accomplishment as finishing it. In the first place, Muni promised special bus service from 47th Avenue and Fulton Street near the finish line. It was special, all right. Especially late.

Clad in a yellow Rolling Stones T-shirt, white SF State trunks, white high-top Peaks shoes and No. 25854 pinned on my chest, I shivered in the crisp, cool morning air that felt more like an Alaskan breeze as I waited a half-hour for the bus. I must admit, I felt a bit foolish. Here I was freezing to death, waiting for a bus that would haul me clear across town just so I could run back. Didn't seem to make much sense.

The late special finally arrived 20 minutes before the race, and along with



By Toru Kawana

**"The worst part of the race was all those people." More than 50,000 people participated.**

about 60 other running fools, I crammed into the steamy bus as though it were morning commute hour. By then I questioned whether the free Bay to Breakers T-shirt would be worth the effort. But when the bus dropped me off five minutes into the race, and Santa Claus greeted me with a piece of candy, I realized it was worth enduring minor hardships to be a part of this crazy crowd. And a little sugar never hurt a runner.

The worst part of the race was all those people. It's difficult to run when

thousands upon thousands of people are in your way.

Such human traffic hindered my carefree running style throughout the whole race. I had to put up with tailgaters who incessantly clipped my heels. Strange, sweaty elbows kept jabbing my ribs. Then, to avoid the masses, I found myself walking tightrope on the curbs, ducking sidewalk tree branches and dodging parking meters, all of which were pretty dangerous. That's all I needed — a parking meter in the groin.

But in the process, I discovered the art of running the Bay to Breakers. All it takes is a quick sidestep to avoid the walkers, the acceleration to cut off other runners and the gall to gently nudge the slow runners out of the way.

Despite the overkill of runners, it was interesting to see the people, or in some cases lunatics, who participated. It would not be a Bay to Breakers without these costumed enthusiasts who turned the race into Halloween on the jogging trail.

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# Backwords

## EDDIE SANCHEZ: Victim or Violator?

**E**dward Sanchez sat nervously across the table, his thick, tattooed hands manacled by a chain which circled his waist. The small, dark-walled prison conference room was locked and guarded.

In two hours, Sanchez, 33, tried to describe the brutality of the only world he has ever known and to explain why his one chance "outside" ended in a rape conviction that landed him back in jail.

Sanchez is considered by prison authorities to be one of the most volatile and dangerous inmates at San Quentin State Penitentiary. When he unwound though, from the wary tension with which he entered the room, and took off his sunglasses, Sanchez seemed reasonable, bright and very articulate. There was even a touch of vulnerability in his brown eyes.

This dark and burly, 6-foot-2-inch man with a walrus mustache speaks rapidly with the pointed insistence of one who has fought to survive through 20 years in prison, 14 of them in isolation units. Sanchez brought with him a legal folder stuffed with the documentation of what he considers the injustices he has suffered in his lifelong bout with the prison system.

"I think people should know my case is just one of many, that the prisons have an obligation to provide help and prepare inmates for the outside world," said Sanchez. "It is the height of absurdity to think I can leave my past behind without help."

Sanchez' story, documented in two CBS "60 Minutes" segments, has been a vicious cycle of institutionalization, rebellion and stricter confinement.

### Abandoned at 2; raped at 16

Abandoned by his mother at the age of two, Sanchez was shunted from foster homes to reform schools, ending up in prison under the California Youth Authority as an "incorrigible runaway" and social misfit. At age 16 he was raped at Soledad State Prison, where he was the youngest prisoner. The incident triggered a backlash, Sanchez said, resulting in convictions for manslaughter and assault on an officer as he toured the state and federal prison systems.

Sanchez is on record for psychotic episodes of incredible violence — tearing apart handcuffs, pulling sinks and toilets out of the wall of his cell, intimidating and sexually assaulting other prisoners.

"I went through three phases of incarceration," said Sanchez. "The first, I was just an innocent kid, until I was raped. Then, after Soledad, I wanted to be tough, to survive, to never be raped again."

"The third started in 1972 — my Marxist-Leninist phase in which I felt that economics determined who went to prison. I had been in the hole (solitary confinement) for four years and was beginning to hallucinate and have psychotic episodes. The prison psychiatrist told me to exercise my mind so I began reading a lot of Marxist literature."

By the mid-1970s, Sanchez — whose IQ has been measured at 130 — was writing to leftist publications and had made a name for himself as the leader of a hunger strike to protest prison conditions. He was also a defendant in a landmark court case in which certain prison treatment practices were ruled unconstitutional.

Writers and journalists became intrigued by Sanchez' story, and articles about him began appearing in magazines.

On Feb. 1, 1980, Sanchez was finally released from prison in San Diego. CBS' "60 Minutes" news team was on hand to film his first re-entry into the outside world. The "60 Minutes" segment, "All His Life in Jail," portrayed Sanchez as the product and in part the victim — of the prison system. By the time a followup show was aired, this Jan. 3 and May 9, Sanchez was back in jail for allegedly raping a woman on a San Diego Beach less than two months after his release.

"They (the Bureau of Prisons) gave me only 30 days in a halfway house," Sanchez said of his release. "I told them I wasn't ready to leave and I needed more time, but they said I was on mandatory release and there was nothing they could do."

By federal law all prisoners are given a mandatory release date to protect them from any attempts by prison authorities to hold them beyond their sentence.

According to his probation officer, Ben Massey, Sanchez was partially to blame for the abbreviated stay at the halfway house.

"It was originally arranged for the last 120 days of Sanchez' sentence to be spent at a halfway house in Los Angeles, but Sanchez insisted on being switched to San Diego," said Massey. "The switch resulted in a bureaucratic delay of Sanchez' release date from prison, eating up three months of the time he could have been at a halfway house. Actually, I think the prison should have started Sanchez' release process two years earlier than they did."

Sanchez' main reason for wanting to be released in San Diego was so he could be with his fiancée, Rufino Ricco with whom he had been corresponding.

However, Ricco's job in Mexico meant that Sanchez could only see her on weekends. Eventually the weeknights became unbearable for Sanchez.

"I couldn't stand to be alone after prison — in prison there's always noise, always someone there," Sanchez recalled. "I used to grind my teeth in my sleep. I began to drink to tranquilize myself."

"I started having flashbacks of prison. The streets seemed like a minimum-security prison where everyone was playing a role. I thought I wouldn't have to have a mask on as in prison but even outside I could see that people were still phony. I started to call '60 Minutes' all the time, Marion

Goldin, the producer of my segment, was monitoring my progress."

### 'He was sent out into the world with no preparation . . . a dastardly trick' — Defense lawyer John Crawford.

One weekend when his fiancée had to go to Mexico, Sanchez went, on Ricco's advice, to spend the night at her friend's house. There Sanchez says he ran into a wild party and drank all night.

The next morning, at 6 o'clock on March 27, he allegedly assaulted Debbie Bosang in a San Diego Beach bathroom, threatening her with a bottle.

In the subsequent trial Sanchez was found guilty of rape, assault with a deadly weapon and forced oral copulation.

"I was actually too drunk to have an erection and the court could never establish proof that there was a rape," said Sanchez. "It was my word against hers."

San Diego lawyer John Crawford handled Sanchez's case at a reduced fee paid by the county because as he put it, "the court-appointed lawyers were not really going to give him a good defense."

"Eddie is clearly a victim of the prison system," said Crawford. "He was sent out into the world with no preparation for a year. It was a dastardly trick."

Crawford tried unsuccessfully to show that Sanchez was legally insane, but he has appealed the decision on technical grounds and is hopeful that the conviction will be overturned.

"Debbie Bosang said that I should be castrated, but I ask, 'Is that really a solution?'" Sanchez said. "I'm sorry for what I did. I always had contempt for rapists. I see her as victim, myself as a victim, society as a victim and the prison system as the perpetrator."

In a tearful last appeal to the court, Ricco, whom Sanchez married later that year in jail, said "Eddie needs help, not punishment."

Ricco's plea echoed the opinions of the judge and several psychiatrists who testified at the trial. But San Quentin, where Sanchez ended up, is built for control of the worst convicts in the state, not for psychiatric counseling.

"San Quentin has nothing to offer Eddie medically," said Crawford. "They don't have enough (medical) personnel and there's a long waiting list."

Sanchez was originally placed after sentencing in the state penitentiary at San Luis Obispo, where psychotherapy was readily available, but he was transferred to San Quentin on vague charges of misconduct after two months. Sanchez is now requesting a transfer to the State Medical Center at Vacaville.

"I have a \$1 million lawsuit against the California Department of Corrections for denial of psychiatric help," said Sanchez. "I'll do my best to get out of here."

If Sanchez succeeds in getting his transfer he will have broken the tormenting pattern of punishment, misbehavior and more punishment that has characterized his incarceration. Sanchez and the system have played a continuing game with each other that is as bizarre as it is deplorable.

### Isolation, sensory deprivation, drug treatments and the threat of lobotomy

Sanchez was first imprisoned at Vacaville when as a teenager he tried to hang himself after six months in isolation. He was sent to Vacaville for medical help and says he was given Anectine doses as part of the medical center's drug experimentation program, later found to be part of a CIA research called Project ULTRA.

According to a former chief psychiatrist at Vacaville, Anectine is a muscle relaxant which when used in massive amounts can induce sensations of suffocation and drowning "as if one was on the brink of death."

"I found that if I resisted the fear, the drug would not affect me that much," said Sanchez, who received eight doses of Anectine.

During that same period, in the late 1960s, Sanchez found out that he was being considered for an amygdalotomy (removal of the amygdala, a part of the brain believed to control emotions). Sanchez got himself transferred out of the state system and into the federal, away from the threat of neurosurgery. Plans for the operation are confirmed in Sanchez' prison psychological evaluation.

"Someone told me that if you threaten the president they'd throw you into a federal prison," said Sanchez. "So I wrote a threatening letter to Lyndon B. Johnson and told some guards taking my picture that the president deserves to die."

Sentenced to five years for threats to the president, Sanchez was shipped off to federal prison, where he did not fare much better. At McNeil Island in Washington he was accused of killing a man.

"I was only 19 years old and this inmate was sexually pressuring me. He had a knife and when we started to fight, I flipped him and he landed on the knife. It was self-defense and I had a lot of witnesses," said Sanchez, who got 10 years for manslaughter.

Sanchez was then sent to Marion Illinois, built to replace Alcatraz as a repository for the nation's most dangerous criminals. The youngest inmate there, he was subjected to a sensory deprivation program called CARE. CARE — described by one inmate as locking yourself in a bathroom and staying there for three years — was ruled unconstitutional in 1974.

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Let it all seem too unreal Sanchez offered a look at his diary. Some excerpts (names are changed):

Dec. 13: Bob Jones in cell next to me forced to do sex through bars in morning.

Dec. 15: Bob Jones sets cell on fire.

Dec. 16: Riot in night. About 100 prisoners set tiers on fire.

Dec. 21: Jones cut heelstring to avoid sexual pressure.

Dec. 21: Jones brought back in wheelchair from hospital. Told he only cut it three-fourths of the way through. Someone threw him a razor blade and he cuts heelstring all the way through.

Dec. 30: Inmate Jose cut arms. Put in

security cell. Five minutes later cut himself again after ripping out stitches.

January 12: Officer Moses threw my mail in trash and threatened to mess over my food and mail. This was because I complained about him not picking up the mail.

January 13: I send in letter to warden complaining of incident on 12th. Moses came to my cell and apologized for incident yesterday.

March 15: Prisoner shot on 2nd tier with tear gas while prisoner in cell. Prisoner was refusing to come out. Twelve guards present. When prisoner was subdued from gas, guards ran in and beat prisoner. Were beating prisoner down steps, also shot with stun gun.

At Springfield, Missouri, Sanchez faced more of the same. Sanchez led a 65-day hunger strike against the Special Treatment and Rehabilitation Therapy (START) program there. This stimuli deprivation program stripped already-segregated prisoners of their few reading-material and religious-service privileges, inducing the inmates to earn them back by good behavior. START was ruled unconstitutional in 1974 because the inmates involved had not been given a required hearing before being thrust into the program. Sanchez was a defendant in the case.

By this time Sanchez was well practiced in the technique of cutting himself in order to get out of his cell for a trip to the hospital and a change of scenery, or to draw attention to himself.

In Atlanta in 1976, Sanchez and four other inmates cut their hamstrings to protest "substandard conditions." It was a year before Sanchez could walk again.

### 'Anyone raised by the state doesn't turn out too well.'

At San Quentin Sanchez cut his throat. Both of his arms are covered with scars from self-inflicted wounds. Sanchez is kept locked in a segregation unit where he is alone all the time except during his two outings per week.

Although isolation and sensory deprivation may appear heavy-handed, prison authorities insist there are few if any alternatives, in some cases.

"When you see a guy rip apart two pairs of hand cuffs at one time you gotta wonder what's inside him," said Ed James, assistant to the warden at the San Diego Municipal Corrections Center from which Sanchez was released in 1980. "Nobody's ever really figured out what to do with such people. They used to call them psychopathic, now they're termed sociopathic."

James feels the "60 Minutes" segment on Sanchez was too one-sided.

"We have an open door with the press, but I personally resent the fact that they looked at one individual who is an exception," said James. "Sanchez' record is one of the largest I've seen; he's had nothing but failure. 'There are so many other people in the system that aren't as newsworthy but change and lead successful lives.'"

Although James could not cite statistics on how many inmates rehabilitate themselves in prison, he insisted the federal Bureau of Prisons is doing the best it can.

"It's probably accurate that the system has made Eddie what he is," James continued. "We've had failures but I'm damned if we're obligated to them or responsible for their action. Maybe there might have been something for Sanchez but I've never known anyone who was locked up that early. Why him?"

Tom Gitchoff, a criminologist with the Psychiatry and Law Center in San Diego, worked with Sanchez in 1980. Gitchoff feels for Sanchez' plight, but has no easy answers.

Questioned as to whether Sanchez' case is unique among prison inmates, Gitchoff replied "yes and no. Anyone raised by the state doesn't turn out too well."

"But Eddie has been in prison for an unusually long period of time and he is unable to respond to isolation as

some prisoners can."

Gitchoff said sensory deprivation as a treatment "is insane" but acknowledged the problem prison officials face with Sanchez.

"Out there Eddie is like a big, stuffed Panda bear. But in isolation he develops a superhuman strength. He once destroyed San Diego County's padded cell. There is no option but to sedate and isolate him in that condition."

Gitchoff discussed options for Sanchez.

"First I'd honor Eddie's request to go to Vacaville. I'd give him a room with a view and a typewriter, then start teaching him a job skill and give him a year of weekend furloughs," said Gitchoff. "If Eddie's socialization is gradual, closely monitored and long enough, I think he could make it."

Sanchez has received numerous offers of help and support recently from people, such as Marianne Creaver of the Washington Drug Rehabilitation Center in Seattle, who were moved by his story on "60 Minutes."

Creaver asked Sanchez to write back with names of "anyone who could help expedite your parole. I know that this could take years but I am willing to put the time in if you are."

But hopes for salvation can wilt in the grim confines of San Quentin, the institution with the most violent incidents of any prison in California.

As the interview drew to a close, Sanchez tried to describe daily life in the world he knows so well.

"You never experience silence. Twenty-four hours a day there are radios, TVs going, yelling from cell to cell," said Sanchez, who has a radio and a television in his cell.

"Then there is the fear. Every time I leave my cell I'm afraid someone will go stir-crazy, come flying out of nowhere and stab me," he said.

### 'You never experience silence . . .'

Sanchez said he has had only two or three friends during his years in prison.

"Friendships are dangerous. They bring ties and responsibilities. You can't show emotions — that could get you killed," he said. "People stay with their own kind — blacks, whites, Latinos. And there are the gangs: The Mexican Mafia, Nuestra Familia, the Aryan Brotherhood and the Black Guerrilla Family. In order to make your bones (be accepted) you have to kill someone. And if you try to leave, you will be killed. It's called blood in, blood out."

"There is a contract out on my life among prisoners in the federal system because I refused to join an escape attempt they were planning at Marion a few years ago."

Sanchez look a bit disappointed when the interview ended. He put his sunglasses on and seemed to tepee up again, awkwardly gathering up this things.

"I'm used to prison life but I'll never adjust to it; it's true that I'm an incorrigible," said Sanchez. "The people that do adjust to prison life are the psychotics."

Text by Larry Deblinger  
Photo by Jan Gauthier

## Fame from behind bars

If CBS hasn't done it already, a book and a screenplay may put Edward Sanchez in the ranks of the new breed of prison celebrities.

San Mateo writer David Hurst is negotiating deals for his book, based on Sanchez' autobiography and screenplay which takes a close look at the prison system through Sanchez' experiences.

If the deals come through, Sanchez will join David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz, Jack Abbott (author of "In the Belly of the Beast: Letters from Prison"), and others who have achieved fame and wealth from behind bars.

Hurst first heard about Sanchez in 1977 through David Carson, a reporter for Evergreen Review.

"I just saw the human drama of this life and wanted to turn it into a

screenplay," said Hurst.

Hurst wrote a letter to Sanchez but communication was slow as Sanchez was in a maximum security isolation unit.

"Eddie (Sanchez) told me he had written an autobiography and it took a long time for him to get it to me. But when I finally read it I cried. Eddie has a very direct, emotional style of writing."

Although the literary and commercial activities of some prisoners have raised a hue and cry of indignation, Hurst and Sanchez feel Sanchez' story will be accepted with little controversy.

Hurst's screenplay covers Sanchez' life from birth to 1972 when Sanchez was a defendant in a court case in which the Special Treatment and Rehabilitation Therapy at Springfield

Missouri Federal Prison was ruled unconstitutional.

Sanchez has written his own screenplay which deals with prison culture and the "indoctrination to dehumanization." He also has put together an anthology of his and other prison inmates' poetry. Entitled "Over the Wall," the book is dedicated to "all prisoners fighting for survival. These writings call out to everyone that prisoners are human beings." Sanchez is not sure if it will be published.

Both Hurst and Sanchez are lucky they are in California. Eleven states have adopted laws to divert book, television and movie proceeds to criminals' victims. California has on at least two occasions rejected moves to add a "Son of Sam" provision to the state's victim compensation laws.



# & Ampersand

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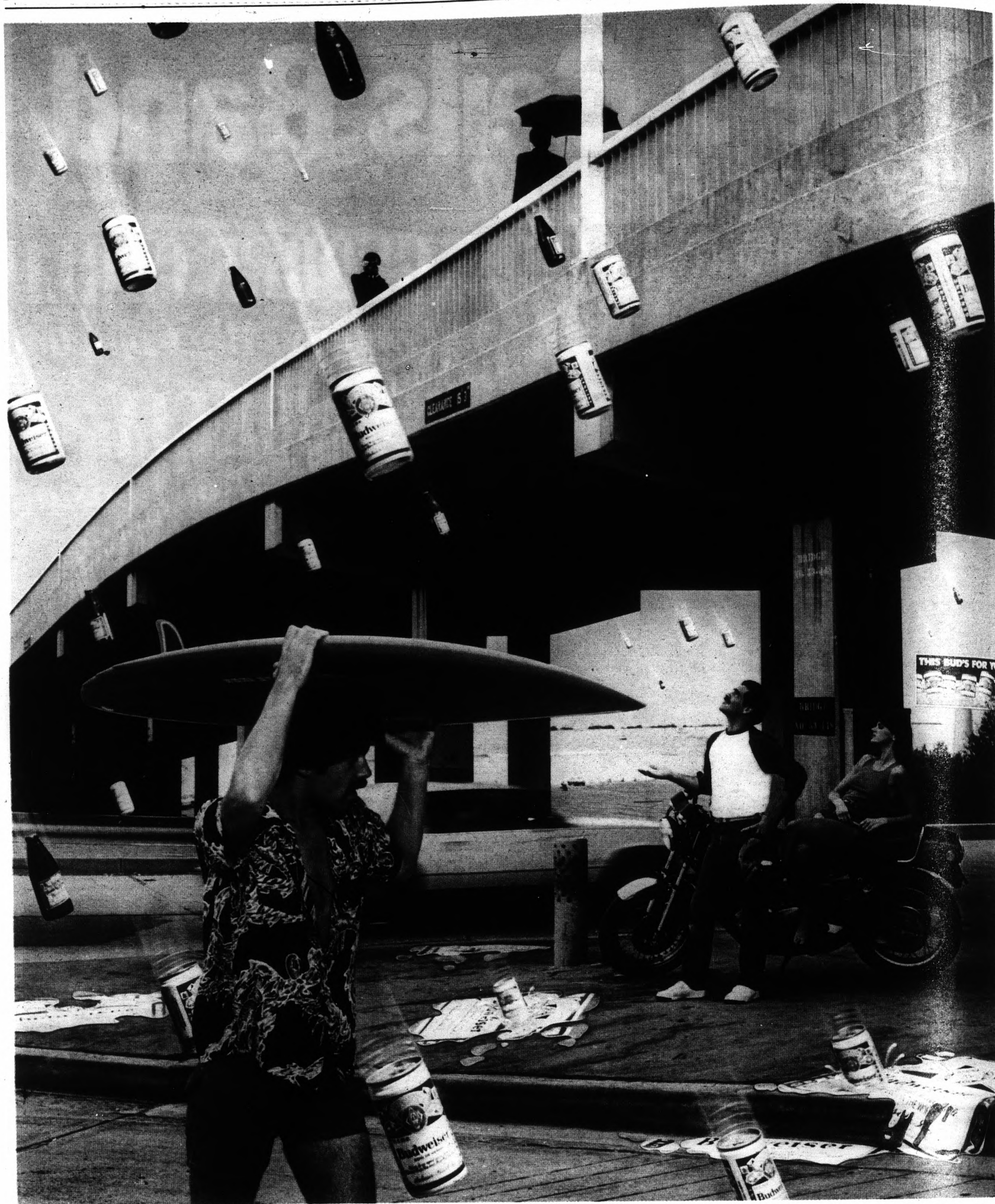
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### OUR COVER

Comedian George Carlin drove to Ladi von Jansky's studio in downtown Los Angeles. Carlin has no fear.

I recently saw a copy of *Ampersand* dated January/February Volume V, No. 4, 1982. It is unavailable in any stores in my city. I was wondering if it would be possible for me to order this issue.

Mary Wilcox  
Eau Claire, WI

We have, alas, many such complaints, we are distributed within, and only within, college newspapers. No newsstands. But back issues can be ordered, \$1.50 per issue, or you can avoid any future problems by subscribing. Costs six whole dollars per year (send check and address information to *Ampersand Subscriptions*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028).

At the ripe old age of twenty-four I am about to do something I have never done before: write a fan letter. As I sat half asleep and bored to tears in my Federal Jurisdiction class last Friday, I happened to spy a copy of *Ampersand* (January/February '82). The cover alone was enough to snap me out of my boredom and the article — on Timothy Hutton — was enough to bring me back to life.

Russell Harris, Fan

Send letters to *In One Ear*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

## Consuming Mass Quantities

IN THE WAKE of irrepressible funster John Belushi's death from a synergistic mix of heroin and cocaine come these two coke-laced reports from a recent *L.A. Times* edition. First, actor Lou Gossett (you loved him in *Roots*) and girlfriend Honey Rufner were recently arrested for, among other things, giving her two children and his seven-year-old son drugs. It's called "Child Endangerment" in these parts. Detectives found cocaine and freebasing equipment in Gossett's home. Freebasing is a highly volatile method for cooking out the impurities — baby laxative and worse — that greedhead dealers routinely mix into cocaine. Freebasing also cooked out most of comedian Richard Pryor's epidermis between phallus and adam's apple a few months back, and helped Pryor cut his time in the 100-yard dash to practically nothing.

Second, corpulent Beach Boy Brian Wilson — whose apparently permanent drug-induced psychosis has been public knowledge for years — has reportedly resumed cocaine consumption, with the help of his brother Dennis. The news came to light because of a Santa Monica court action. Dennis Wilson and Stan Love, former collegiate All-American and Los Angeles Lakers basketball player, agreed recently via a mutual restraining order not to "harass, molest, threaten or strike" each other.

Love, a first cousin to the Wilson brothers, had spent the mid-Seventies as a sort of nurse/coach to Brian Wilson, trying to cure the once highly creative singer/songwriter's bouts with despondency and binges with drugs through an exercise program and strict supervision (which, apparently, was abandoned some time ago). He alleges that representatives of Brian Wilson, including Wilson's business manager, told him that the Dennis-to-Brian cocaine connection had re-

## New Contributors

DENNIS CARLYLE DARLING (Buch Hancock, Jimmie Gilmore photo) teaches photography and graphics in the Journalism Department of the University of Texas at Austin. His credits include *Rolling Stone*, the *Washington Post*, *Popular Photography* and *Modern Photography*. Clinching an *Ampersand* assignment was a major career thrill but, avers Darling, "I won't give up my day job yet."

RICHARD GRAHAM (In Print) lives in San Diego and signs his letters with impressive calligraphic flourishes.

MIKAL TOOMBS (In Print) had better write to us soon and tell us where to send the check.

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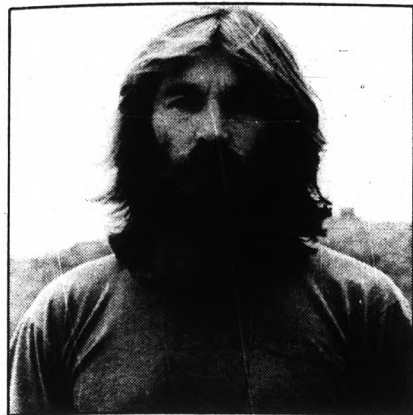
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# & OUT THE OTHER



Dennis Wilson—his brother's dealer?

cently grown to \$10,000 worth of nose candy in a two-month span. Love and companion Rushon Pamplin went out to "confront" Dennis Wilson about the matter. Their meeting was short on good vibrations. The Beach Boy drummer was chased through his own house, Love whaling the bejeezus out of him all the while with fists, feet and a telephone, meanwhile smashing windows and furniture. Fortunately, a majority of the blows landed on Wilson's head, an object that's been of no use for several years.

Richard Pryor has spun his burning flesh experiences into some four minutes of stand-up comedy. Dennis Wilson lives in "constant fear of further attack." Lou Gossett is free on \$2,500 bail after just one night in the slammer. John Belushi is finally off drugs... may he rest in peace.

## On the Road Again?

IT APPEARS TO BE semi-definite: The Rolling Stones will tour Europe this summer, somewhere between May and July. According to the Stones' Los Angeles publicity firm, the group was recently discussing the possibility of this tour while working on a film of last year's American tour and a live album of same (with any luck, both should be out this fall).

## Beatty Sued Again

WARREN BEATTY has been slapped with his second screenwriting lawsuit (the first, for *Shampoo*, which he co-wrote with Robert Towne, was ultimately reversed in the appellate court, to Beatty's relief). This time William M. Greene and Helen Smith have filed a \$20 million lawsuit, claiming Beatty reneged on their contract and paid only \$250 for rights to their unpublished book *Louise Bryant: Biography of a Radical* (Bryant was played by Diane Keaton in the film *Reds*). Greene also claims Beatty took advantage of his naivete and his research.

## Between the Lines

THE LATE ROCK STAR JIM MORRISON will be back in bookstores soon: Frank Lisciandro, photographer, filmmaker (he edited the Doors film *Feast of Friends*) and once a friend to Morrison, has published *An Hour for Magic* (Delilah Books, \$9.95). Lisciandro told *Ampersand* that the book contains 130 photos of Morrison taken by him, "Ninety-nine point nine per cent of them never published before." The text, 30,000 words of it, was written by Lisciandro (who now lives in Santa Barbara), except for ten Morrison poems which the singer's estate allowed Lisciandro to publish. Lisciandro, who worked with Morrison on film projects when he wasn't taking pictures, claims his book was written partly as an effort to dispel the nasty image Morrison suffered in the book *No One Here Gets out Alive* (by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugarman). "It's mainly my personal kinds of experiences with Jim," Lisciandro said. "I tried to show Jim leaning toward poetry and philosophy and filmmaking... everything I wrote was something I experienced first hand."

FRANK HERBERT, author of the assorted *Dune* books, just signed a contract with Putnam for *Dune 5* (title to be changed) for the tidy sum of \$1.5 million. Not such a bad deal for Putnam,

considering that the five *Dune* books (most recent, *God Emperor of Dune*, a best seller) have sold 7.5 million copies in the U.S. alone. As for the alleged film version of *Dune*... it still simmers away. As of February, screenwriters on the case were David Lynch, Christopher DeVore and Eric Bergren, with Lynch (*Elephant Man*, *Eraserhead*) to direct. Producer will be Dino de Laurentiis.

NO LESS THAN THREE CELEBRITIES threaten full exposure on the printed page. Richard Harris' is titled *Those Who Did and Those Who Didn't*. French film director Roger Vadim is writing a novel, not a memoir, titled *The Hungry Angel*, in which two female characters are said to resemble his ex-wives Jane Fonda and Brigitte Bardot. And Tony Toon, once Rod Stewart's manager (fired by Rod 8 years ago) promises to reveal more of the rock star's intimate secrets when his memoir is published. Are there any secrets still unrevealed, after *True Britt* of a few years back?

## Say Goodbye

M.A.S.H. will return for one more year, and then finitio. The producers announced that the last show will be a two-hour special in which the war is ended and all the characters prepare to go home.

BARNEY MILLER will not even return for one more year; its final episode will air April 24, with the precinct being closed down.

## Lotsa Movie Stuff

APPARENTLY UNAWARE of the sagging economy, Hollywood plans to make dozens of movies in the next few months—after a half year of cutbacks, slowdowns and reductions which left most of the guilds and industry suppliers reeling and hungry. Supposedly we have the following to anticipate in the next year (or two):

Brooke Shields will not frolic in a lagoon, but she will disport herself in the sand—when she stars in *Sahara*, based on a 1928 auto race across the title desert... *Mike's Murder* will star Debra Winger (late of *Cannery Row*), to be directed by Jim Bridges, who discovered Winger for *Urban Cowboy*... Susan Sarandon and Richard Dreyfuss will star in *Buddy System*, in which they portray a court stenographer and a security guard brought together by her 11-year-old son... Chuck Berry plays himself in the class reunion scene for *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*... Faye Dunaway, Alan Bates and John Gielgud star in *The Wicked Lady*, to be directed by Michael (Death Wish II) Winner... Burt Reynolds will first star in *Best Friends* with Goldie Hawn, then segue quickly into *Bogart Slept Here*, which was originally written by Neil Simon as a kind of sequel to *The Goodbye Girl*, and was to have starred Robert DeNiro, to have been directed by Mike Nichols. Now Reynolds himself will direct...

Richard Pryor will co-star in *Superman III*, then co-star with Dreyfuss in *Ain't No Heroes*, then assume the title role in *Malcolm X*, a biopic of the late Black Muslim leader... *Greystoke*, based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' tales of Tarzan's early life, will be made by producer David Putnam and director Hugh Hudson (the team that brought us *Chariots of Fire*); *Greystoke* was originally in the hands and slow typewriter of Robert (Personal Best) Towne... Olivia Newton-John will star in *Swing*, a contemporary musical... Scott Spencer, who wrote the novel *Endless Love*, has finished an original script called *Rapture*... Joe Eszterhas, former *Rolling Stone* editor who wrote *F.I.S.T.* (starring Sylvester Stallone), now has *Pluck the Eagle* (a comedy) and *City Hall* (not a comedy) poised for production...

DIRECTOR JOHN LANDIS (*American Werewolf in London*, most recently) is currently working on *Whereabouts* ("That's not the title, but we don't have a title yet"), after which he'll do "a secret" project with Steven Spielberg and two other as yet unchosen filmmakers ("we'll be contributing in an unusual manner," Landis said, revealing nothing) and the oft-mentioned *Dick Tracy*. Waldo Salt has been assigned the task of writing the screenplay for Landis' future version of Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

## The Results Are In

LAST DECEMBER'S *Ampersand* included a Readers' Movie Poll, and here, after many hours of tedious tabulation, are the results: **The Top Ten Actors**, according to the more than 1500 replies, were (in descending order) Harrison Ford, Dustin Hoffman, Dudley Moore, Robert DeNiro, Burt Reynolds, Robert Redford and Alan Alda (a tie), Richard Dreyfuss, Clint Eastwood and Timothy Hutton. **Favorite Actress**: Jane Fonda, Meryl Streep, Goldie Hawn, Katherine Hepburn, Sally Field, Barbra Streisand, Marsha Mason, Diane Keaton, Faye Dunaway and Sissy Spacek. **Favorite Films**: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Ordinary People*, *Arthur*, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *Body Heat*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Stripes*, *Time Bandits*, *Superman II* and *Four Seasons*. Readers also proclaimed their favorite kinds of films—Comedy was by far the favorite, followed not very closely by Adventure, Suspense, Science Fiction, Real Life, Romantic, Horror, Foreign, Animation and last (to our chagrin), Western.

Monroe/Jane Russell film *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, gets a laconic folk-rock treatment which produces an unexpected sex-change. Instead of a witty, urbane bit of drollery, the song becomes a sort of parable of temptation that's oddly funny. At a recent Hop Singh show, Warren Zevon climbed onstage. Two nights later at the Cafe Bla Bla, without the aid of celebrity guests, Burnett reached into the funnier side of his song bag until nearly three a.m. "Well I've never been to art school," went one lyric, "But I kinda like Picasso/All his women look Egyptian/But then what the hell do I know?"

## Woosome Twosome

HAS TAPS STAR Tim Hutton been greeting reveille with insipid songstress Nicolette Larson? They've been spotted keeping cuddly company. Larson embittered Neil Young a couple of years back when, after the conclusion of their affair, she ran a lightweight rendition of his tune, "A Lotta Love," to a high spot on the charts. Maybe she'll remake the Hutton vehicle, *Ordinary People*, as *Ordinary Voice*.

## Rolling Stone Rumbles

LONG-TIME RECORD REVIEW editor Paul Nelson has reportedly left his post at *Rolling Stone* over a battle with publisher Jann Wenner. New policy for the section is said to be: one lead review and the rest no more than 32 lines long; no use of simile or metaphor (don't want to confuse those sophisticated *Stone* readers); and absolutely no new wave records unless they have "Top Ten sales potential."

## Psssst!!!! Want to Buy a Filthy Disc?

VIDEO DISC MACHINES aren't doing nearly as well as video tapes in the marketplace; one reason for the lag behind video tape is Japan's board

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of censors. Most video disc pressing is done in Japan (Japanese pressing plants are like hospitals. Their American equivalents are generally more like slaughterhouses). Officials in the Land of the Rising Sun have refused to allow even such non-sexy fare as *First Monday in October*, *Serpico* and *Escape from Alcatraz* to be made. No such problem for tapes, which can be more crudely manufactured — it's estimated that half of all pre-recorded video tapes sold are pornographic. Or as Zippy the Pinhead likes to say, pornographic. Pioneer is about to start pressing videodiscs at a plant in Carson, California, so America can soon choose whether to catch *Debbie Does Dallas* on planter or cassette.

The Tube

**T**HE PAPER CHASE, which re-ran nicely on PBS last year, will reappear — on Showtime. Once again, we're being promised new episodes. We won't hold our breath, but we'll be eternally grateful.

**A** FOUR-HOUR MINI series of *Little Gloria, Happy at Last* will appear

on NBC starring Bette Davis as Alice Gwynne Vanderbilt and Angela Lansbury as Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, grandmother and aunt of Gloria (now the jeans queen), who fought for custody of the little girl back in the Thirties.

Action Flicks

**S**EAN CONNERY is still promising to return to the screen as James Bond (and about time, whom does Roger Moore think he's kidding?) in *Warhead*, an original script, it will nevertheless hew closely to the original Fleming character.

**T**HE ROAD WARRIOR (see Summer Movie Guide this issue) turns out to be the sequel to *Mad Max*, directed by Australian George Miller. The first of the two was said by some to be so action-packed "It made *Raiders of the Lost Ark* look like an Ingmar Bergman film." This gave rise to the rumor that Miller will direct *Raiders II* (he won't, Spielberg claims he'll do it), and to the unconfirmed rumor that Connery wants Miller to direct the above-mentioned *Warhead*.

Conan the Barbarian

starring Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sandahl Bergman, James Earl Jones, written by John Milus and Oliver Stone, directed by Milus.

**T**he *Wind and the Lion*, also written and directed by John Milus, is one of my all-time favorite romantic adventures, when Sean Connery lifts Candice Bergen onto his horse and rides off with her, after vanquishing the threatening horde — heartstopping. There aren't many such images to fire female (or male) fantasies these days. And there are none in *Conan*.

Schwarzenegger looks perfect as the pulp heroic Sumerian hulk (he handles a sword with authority and has occasional sly smile betrays an intelligence behind the muscle), but there is no sense of the mythic about him, no suggestion of the fantastic. Even less about the others: Jones, as the evil Thulsa Doom, just stares into the camera intently, while Bergman (numb-

sword wielder herself) has a startling American accent and vernacular. Nothing seems real, but there is no sense of otherworldliness either. The elaborate temples look phony, the battles are unconvincing (swords miss by inches), and the zillions of Doom's followers seem to pop out of the earth, existing on nothing in the middle of nowhere — just like the fancy defenses Conan constructs while waiting (a very long time) for Doom's army. Where did he get all those sticks, when there were no trees for miles? (I know, it's a fantasy, but even Walt Disney would have given us a crumb to nibble, like "the wind brought us the sticks," or something equally silly but logical. I don't ask for much, but I do expect lip service to logic, however bizarre the logic.)

It's not that *Conan* is a waste of time, it's good, mindless, violent fun — but it has no challenge, no mystery. I expected Milus to give us at least two dimensions. Perhaps he'll do better with the promised sequel.

Judith Sims

Victor/Victoria

starring Julie Andrews, James Garner and Robert Preston, written by Blake Edwards, produced by Edwards and Tony Adams, directed by Edwards.

**I**t is Paris, 1935. You can tell this because the shops and cafes have French names and the actors speak ze English with ze French accent. Victoria — a hard luck case who hasn't had a decent meal in days and who can't get a job in a cabaret even though she happens to sing exactly like Julie Andrews — finally lands employment in the guise of Victor, a Polish count whom everybody believes to be a female impersonator. Since Parisians — and especially gay Parisians — are very big on transvestites who sing like Julie Andrews and who look like Julie Andrews with a boy's haircut, Victor soon becomes the toast of the town.

Victor/Victoria's meteoric rise to fame and fortune comes at the hand of several remarkably implausible coin-



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cidences: a chance encounter with a cockroach, a sudden rainstorm that shrinks Victoria's clothing half its size and the sudden brainstorm of a gay Good Samaritan named Toddy who happens to look and sing exactly like Robert Preston.

So enter King Marchan, a Chicago club owner/gangster-type who happens to look exactly like James Garner with a Clark Gable moustache. Of course, he falls head over heels for Victor/Victoria and is convinced that she's really a woman because there's *no way* he could fall in love with another (gulp) guy.

If all this sounds incredibly stupid, it is. Based on a 1933 German movie, *Viktor und Viktoria*, Blake Edwards' remake is an embarrassment. Even Edwards' flair for visual comedy, which he worked to near mastery with Peter Sellers in the Pink Panther films, is here almost nonexistent.

If your idea of a good time is to listen to an endless succession of very polite but not terribly amusing jokes about homosexuals and to watch countless table-throwing, cake-in-the-

face restaurant melees, then hurry off to see *Victor/Victoria*.

Steven X. Rea

## Cat People

starring Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell and John Heard; written by Alan Ormsby; directed by Paul Schrader.

In 1942, Val Lewton, a producer with very little money and a great deal of imagination, made *Cat People*, a B movie that has since gone on to cult status. Now *Cat People* is a remake, a costly remake, full of costly mistakes. While it's far more psychologically complex than its inspiration, this update defeats itself at every turn with muddled writing, pretentious direction and ludicrous plotting.

Director Paul Schrader (writer of *Taxi Driver* and *The Yakuza* and director of *American Gigolo*) ought to have been perfectly suited to the material. By his own admission he's fairly obsessed by Big Themes: God, moral-

ity, guilt, sex. *Cat People* is awash in notions of beast and man, salvation and lust, sex and animalism, but the movie doesn't so much grapple with these themes as paw through them.

The setting is New Orleans, and Nastassia Kinski plays an exotic young woman who is reunited after many years with her preacher brother (McDowell). Things are pretty weird right off, but Kinski doesn't seem concerned, not even after McDowell disappears for days on end without explanation. Kinski just trots off on a tour of the city. Naturally she's drawn to the zoo, and naturally she's drawn to the zoologist played by John Heard.

But love or sex isn't for McDowell and Kinski. It turns them into cats who must kill to become human again. In a ridiculous dream sequence that opens the movie, designed by Ferdinando Scarfotti (Schrader's collaborator on *American Gigolo*), we learn more than we ever wanted to know about the special relationship between leopards and humans.

*Cat People* has some startling images and an ending that's as haunting

as any in a horror film, but Schrader subverts the power of his material with bad storytelling. Ultimately horror films have to play into our dreams, and although Schrader's come up with three or four strong moments, he can't sustain the illusions.

The movie is also very bloody and contains some misguided special effects that seem left over from *An American Werewolf in London*. *Cat People* has been sadly declawed.

Jacoba Atlas

## I Oughta Be in Pictures

starring Dinah Manoff, Walter Matthau, Ann-Margret; directed by Herbert Ross; written by Neil Simon

Neil Simon does it again. And again. And again. Dinah Manoff plays Libby Tucker, a bright and irresistible teenager who travels all the way from New York to Los Angeles to visit the man she hates most: Walter Matthau as gruff and

stubborn Herbie Tucker who can't have relationships, and would rather gamble his money at the races than his ideas at the studio. And Ann-Margret has big breasts.

Together, father and daughter fight and joke (he gruff, stubborn; she bright, irresistible) until he cries, she cries, they hug. Marsha Mason, I mean Ann-Margret, interrupts the feisty yet loving relationship by begging dumpy, grumpy Richard Dreyfuss, I mean Walter Matthau, to make a commitment. Simon's spontaneous repartee is not so spontaneous.

The formula works as most formulas do, but one becomes resistant to the coldness of this Broadway-put-on-film cardboard cutout. As a small film, *I Oughta Be in Pictures* could have been wonderful—it has nice visual tone and talented acting, but every nice scene has to end with a punchline, as if once the film gets good, we might forget who wrote it.

Who ought to be in pictures? I don't know. I only know who ought *not* to be.

Jody Eve Grant



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# Joe Ely: The New Pride of Lubbock

BY PAUL CULLUM

"We like this kind of music. Jazz is strictly for the stay-at-homes."

— Buddy Holly

"Hot dog I like it a lot!"

— Joe Ely

It's a smoky yellow evening outside, still warm, and the Joe Ely band is onstage at some Lone Star dancehall, tuning up. John Lennon's just been shot a couple of nights ago, and the crowd's milling around, not much spirit for the night ahead. Ely, a high school dropout from Lubbock with a passel of 5-star albums to his credit, hasn't looked at the crowd yet.

So the band seems ready, and Joe faces the mike now, serious. "Y'all heard the news?" And the crowd — as one man — thinks, "Great. Whole world's falling apart. What next?" when Joe slams rhetorically into a Roy Brown standard: "Ya heard the news? There's good rockin' to-night. Which sets off not just the catharsis, but elation bordering on gratitude.

Or the time at Gruene Hall ("Texas Oldest Dance Hall") when the sheriff came out after 2 a.m. to shut them down and Jesse Taylor, the bear-like guitarist, poured a beer in his hat (forcing them to dive into the crowd to have an escape). Or London at the Venue, when Ely and Butch Hancock were out after the show howling at the moon, and the bouncers tried to chase them down and kill them (forcing them to hide in a Dempsey Dumpster until a safe car could come around).

Joe Ely in concert is like no other — him charging and careening, flailing about, falling into the drums or climb-

ing up on the peesana. He has more fun onstage than a white person has a right to.

There's lots of places we could meet. I'm thinking The Alamo Hotel, the sparkling and virulent Thirties brownstone where LBJ's brother decayed from cancer. The base of the Texas Tower — count the sniper's bullet holes out on the concrete wall. Some chili parlor or domino hall with a sense of history. Any old icon.

"Tell ya what," — Ely speaking with that same goofy deadpan in his drawl — "you bring your tape recorder and meet me at the Austin Bowl-O-Rama."

Next up in mixed league competition, we got Hall's Package Stores vs. the Lane Tamers on Lane 2, and Edgebrook Texaco vs. the Hair Flair on Lane 22. Parents, please keep those youngsters off the end lanes, we have a tournament going on down there."

"Y'know," he's studying the orange headpin now on the lane just in front of us, "there's some real good sauce you can get at Tom Thumb grocery stores. It's called Cox's Texas Hot Sauce, and it comes in a mayonnaise jar, from Dangerfield, Texas. You try it sometime — it's de-licious."

Master of non sequitur. Joe is dressed in a vintage British tweed jacket, black corduroy shirt and pants, wing-tipped ostrich or something boots, silk scarf, and a blood-red bolo tie with tiny toy gun clasp. That and the neo-rockabilly chopped pompadour clump-swirl coiffure (compliments, Yardley English Lavender). For a Lubbock boy who used to play for nothing but Rebel Tractor drivers, he looks to be out of place in any culture he could claim.

Joe Ely was born in 1947 in Amarillo, Texas. His father worked for the railroad, as had his grandfather, so they shifted: from Amarillo to Fort Worth, Houston, San Antonio and then Lubbock. He played hooky from high school, tried out amps and guitars in the downtown stores, eventually starting to work in local clubs. Over the past ten years or so he's gone from being just another Texas secret to opening for the

Rolling Stones and touring with the diverse likes of Merle Haggard, Carl Perkins, Tom Petty and the Kinks, acting as Clash clown and Linda Ronstadt's next trend to ride ("Honky Tonk Masquerade" on her next LP), at long last putting two albums on the *Billboard* charts (*Musta Notta Gotta Lotta* and *Live Shots*), and bringing country music into the Twentieth Century.

Peter Guralnick called Ely's work "some of the hardest-hitting music of the decade" in *Country Music* magazine, adding, "It has all the intensity, the singleminded drive, conviction and explosive originality of first generation rock 'n' roll." *Rolling Stone* found Ely's albums "Full of poignancy, insight and affection for the Southwest and its people." The *L.A. Times* tagged him

...the most impressive male singer to enter country music in the '70s." Twentieth Century-Fox approached Ely to star in *Not Fade Away*, a planned film biography of Buddy Holly that never got made. (Ironically, Gary Bussey — later the star of *The Buddy Holly Story* — was to have played the part of Holly's drummer.) Chuck Berry caught a 1978 Ely set in St. Louis and, after midnight, jumped onstage to join the band on "Jambalaya" and "Mountain Dew."

The corners in-between were packed up with a lot of his term, "colorful misery." He slept on the beach in Venice, California with a Fender Super Reverb amplifier for a pillow, rode a lot of rails ("The Rock Island Express out of Amarillo, up east to watch the leaves turn"), played the subway circuit in NYC, and slept on the Staten Island Ferry. He zigzagged around in the entrails of the continent, working as a fruitpicker, dishwasher, feeding the llamas and the world's smallest horse for Ringling Bros., sopping up the scenery in places like Louisiana, Arkansas, New Mexico, Old Mexico, Colorado — all those Texas outlands he's been made responsible for.

"I helped build Angel Fire Ski Run up in Eagle's Nest. Drove a concrete truck up and down that mountain, like to scare me to death I was unloading hunnerd-pound sacks of concrete and they asked could anybody drive a truck, so I said 'sure,' anything to get out of loading concrete." And could he drive a truck? "No, course not. But, y'know — you learn real fast, a-hurting down the side of a mountain with about two tons of concrete right behind you."

Ely came into American radio through the backdoor of the English

## Gilmore & Hancock: The Minds Behind the Songs

A lot of the bands who come through Austin, from U-2 to the Stray Cats, believe all those stories Joe Ely tells over in England — chicken wire across the stages to protect the bands, people shooting off guns inside of bars. So invariably, they get depressed by all the redevelopment — fern bars, gentrification, ossification, cartilage to bone, the spread of mellow capitalism up Sixth Street like a pastel disease.

After that, they generally like what they find: The Fabulous T-Birds/Cobras/Stevie Ray Vaughan blues confluence. The Huns/Records/Norvells new wave exes nexus. And the Emmajoe's aggregation.

Emmajoe's is the socialist roadhouse (named after Joe Hill and Emma Goldman) which is local home to the modern country crowd — people like Townes Van Zandt, Lucinda, Rank and File (formerly the Dils, premier West Coast punk outfit), Butch Hancock and Jimmie Gilmore.

Hancock and Gilmore are always mentioned in tandem, probably a disservice, since both go back to the Flatlanders, the Lubbock band circa 1970 that they formed with running buddy Joe Ely. The Flatlanders' one album is finally on Charley Records as a British import. Together they have written over a third of the songs on Ely's albums.

Jimmie Gilmore is responsible for "Treat Me Like a Saturday Night," "Tonight I think I'm Gonna Go Downtown," and "Dallas," three ballads of subtle clarity. They speak of loneliness and grey light, and the high gentle whistle of the Lubbock winds. Technically, it was Jimmie Dale and the Flatlanders.

Butch Hancock, on another hand, is the best songwriter in America. This is not hyperbole. In the folk poet tradition, singer-songwriter, one man/one guitar, Hancock is the best there is.

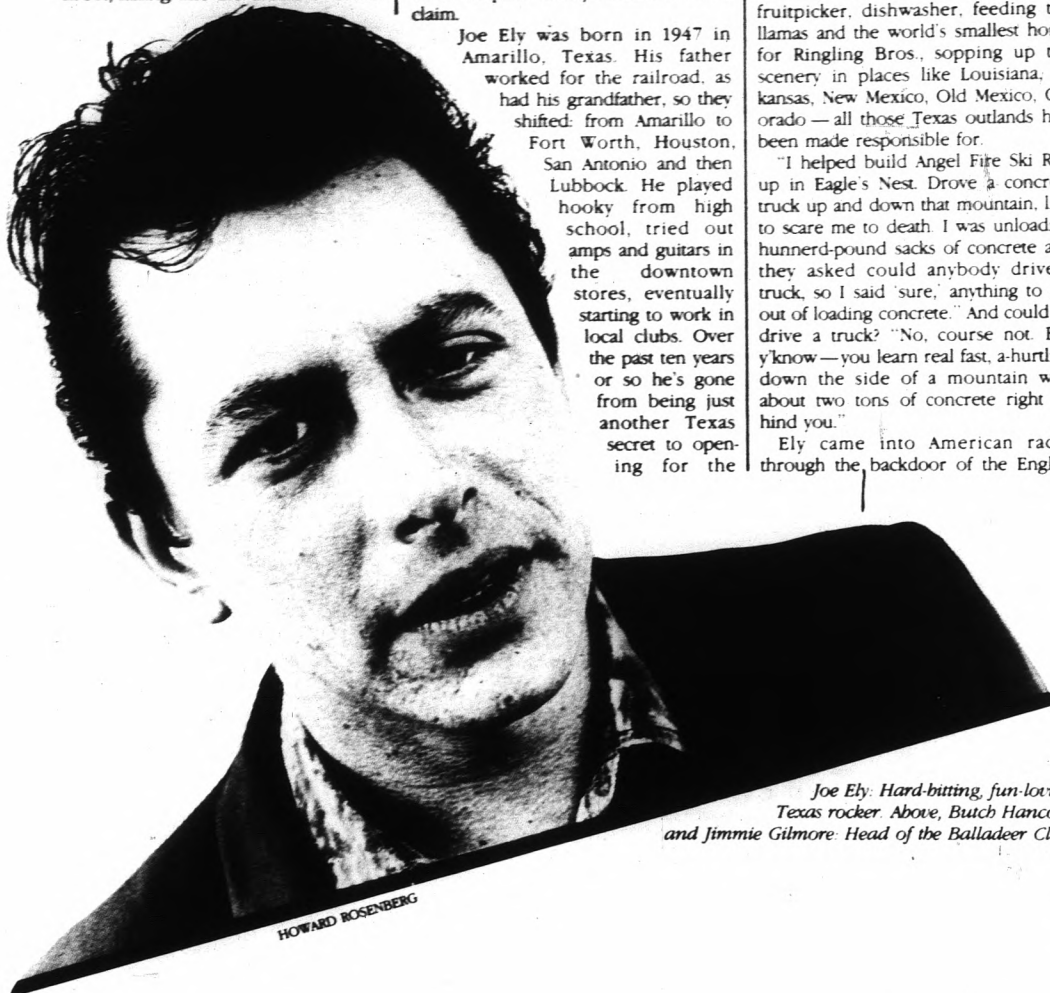


DENNIS CARLISLE DARLING

"Boxcars," "Fools Fall in Love," "Wishin' for You," "She Never Spoke Spanish to Me" ("All her favorite poets said/Spanish is the loving tongue...") — over and over again. Perhaps his most accessible songs show up on the Ely albums, those on his own being more private, more mystical. But there are gems like "Dominos" or "Own and Own," about Texas rural to urban shift and things lost to progress, or the ballad "Mario y Maria" (subtitled "Crystalline Statues and Spitting Images") which are shared between an audience of maybe 5000 people.

Hancock has five albums — *West Texas Waltzes* and *Dust-Blown Tractor Tunes*, *The Wind's Dominion* (double), *Diamond Hill*, and two new live collections, 1981 *A Spare Odyssey*, and *Firewater* (Seeks Its Own Level), with Jimmie Gilmore. If he lived in Los Angeles and hustled the clubs on the Strip for five years, he would be famous in more places than just Texas and Italy (where they love him). But that would probably kill whatever it is that makes him Butch Hancock. Hancock is also a practicing architect, makes video documentaries, once won an argument with the Soviet ambassador over Afghanistan, and built the bar at Emmajoe's. But those are other stories.

Hancock's albums are available for \$100 from Drawer 810, Cleburne TX 79226



Joe Ely: Hard-biting, fun-loving Texas rocker. Above, Butch Hancock and Jimmie Gilmore: Head of the Balladeer Class.

HOWARD ROSENBERG

press. Much has been made of his adoption by the Clash, their English tour, the oxymoron of that alliance. But if the new wave was ever about anything, it was about structural integrity — purity of essence, reconnecting to roots of form.

"The first couple of Clash shows we did in England were really hilarious, the first time we were confronted with what would be a normal Clash crowd, y'know? Especially places they'd grown up, like Camden Town, were really rowdy crowds. They'd be throwing stuff, and we'd throw back buckets full of ice. To me it felt about like a Saturday night in Austin."

That was the *London Calling* tour, and Joe's *Live Shots* LP was almost named *Lubbock Calling*. Stateside, the Clash wanted Joe to open their Texas dates, and he ended up signing on for the rest of the American tour. (It's probably instructive to remember that the Sex Pistols said their San Antonio audience was the only one to respond with violence in kind. Two thousand people in a concrete skate palace, guys with shaved heads and safety pins in their scalp, and this big cowboy saying, "If y'all'd just move about a c-t hair closer, we could get some more people in here.")

The Clash were playing Houston, Austin and Dallas on their swing through Texas, and they had a couple of days before they had to go out west, so I talked 'em into playing Lubbock. They scared everybody there, it was great. Then they wanted to see the

sights of Lubbock. Y'know, there just aren't too many sights in Lubbock. So I showed 'em Prairie Dog Town, the high school where Buddy Holly played, that's just about it. We ended up getting some six-packs and spending the night out at Buddy Holly's grave."

Lubbock was where Ely came of age, where he took guitar lessons from Buddy Holly's old guitar teacher, where at age 11 he saw Jerry Lee Lewis outside of Pontiac House ("There was Jerry Lee on a flatbed truck, wind blowing, dust everywhere...") It's where he says he learned to shoot pool. (He played a friend's wedding last year and took some Aspen developer types for about five hundred dollars.) It's where he lived through his first three LPs (*Joe Ely*, *Honky Tonk Masquerade* and *Down on the Drag*). The 6th LP, the one he's fast at work on at his lakehouse outside Austin, could well be the one to finally force him out of this cult ghetto he's been reposing in the last four years. Another Linda Ronstadt LA-country album is a small enough price to pay.

"Bowlers, I'd like to remind you of the *Diamond Jubilee* next week we'll be having one shift and one shift only, and that will be the 8000 shift. Also, there will be a deaf tournament here. It's gonna be real quiet."

"He say 'Death Tournament'?" "I think he said 'deaf tournament'." "Oh, good. Least we won't have to hear all this racket."



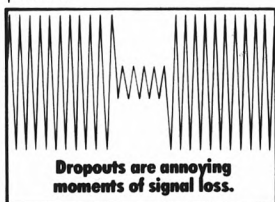


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# 5TH ANNUAL SUMMER MOVIES

## MOVIES

**STAR TREK: THE VENGEANCE OF KHAN** is not, we're told, a sequel to *Star Trek*, but a whole new episode, "different in every way," with more emphasis on characters. Ricardo Montalban recreates the villain Khan, who appeared in a 1967 episode of the TV series. All the familiar *Enterprise* crew return, with a new addition: Lt. Saadiq, played by Kurstin Alley, she's a half-Vulcan cadet, with pointy ears, just like you-know-who.

**SIX PACK** is that most dreaded of genres, a heart-warming family picture. Seriously, folks, it stars Kenny Rogers as a down-on-his-luck stock car driver and six kids, among whom Diane Lane is the oldest, who insist that he adopt them. Directed by Daniel Petrie, who also made *Fort Apache*, *The Bronx*, and *Resurrection*.



**POLTERGEIST** directed by Tobe Hooper, produced by Steven Spielberg and starring JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson, is allegedly very scary. *Poltergeists*, as we all know, are spirits famous for their noisy table rappings and generally ghostly behavior.

**STRIKING BACK** stars Patti Lupone, Tom Allen Skerritt and Michael Sarrazin in a tale of a young man's crusade to restore his old neighborhood to its former dignity.

**FIREFOX**. The return of Clint Eastwood, with a fancy futurist airplane and international intrigue.

Actor Richard Benjamin turns director — of **MY FAVORITE YEAR**, starring Peter O'Toole as a fading and besotted Fifties star who must somehow be convincingly swashbuckling on live television. Co-starring Jessica Harper (from *Pennies from Heaven* and *Stardust Memories*).

**PINK FLOYD: THE WALL**. Just what you think it is. Director Alan Parker (*Midnight Express*,

*Shoot the Moon*), gives us a "very weird" rock & roll movie, starring Boomtown Rats singer Bob Geldof as a rock star burning out in a hotel room, re-living his life. Includes about 15 minutes of Gerald Scharf's animation.



**ROCKY III**, according to those few who've already seen it, is much better than the first two. They swear it is. In this one, Sylvester Stallone joins forces with former rival boxer Carl Weathers in order to beat a new villain. Talia Shire is still the long-suffering Mrs. Rocky.

**DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID** (our favorite title of the year) stars Steve Martin and Rachel Ward (from *Sharky's Machine*) in a silly sendup of the detective genre. Directed by Carl Reiner, who collaborated with Martin on *The Jerk*.

**THE THING** is director John Carpenter's remake of the sci fi classic; this one stars Kurt Russell, script by Bill Lancaster (Burt's son, who also wrote *The Bad News Bears*) and special effects by Rob Bottin.

**E.T. — THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL & HIS ADVENTURE ON EARTH** is Spielberg's second entry this summer (but his only directorial effort, unless you count the still-in-release *Raiders of the Lost Ark*). This one involves a young boy, Henry Thomas, and an alien (created by the man who made the rubber babies for *Close Encounters*). Also stars Dee Wallace (from *The Howling*) and Peter

Coyote. Written by Melissa Mathison, whose name has appeared in gossip columns lately because she's living with Harrison Ford.

**BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS** finally makes it to the screen, starring Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton, about which we can say no more.

**FAST TIMES AT RIDGE-MONT HIGH**, written by Rolling Stone contributor Cameron Crowe, details the ups and downs of California high schoolers. The key to success? Working at the right fast food chain.

**SOUP FOR ONE** is a contemporary comedy of a young man's search for his dream girl. It stars Saul Rubinek, Marcia Strassman and Gernit Graham.

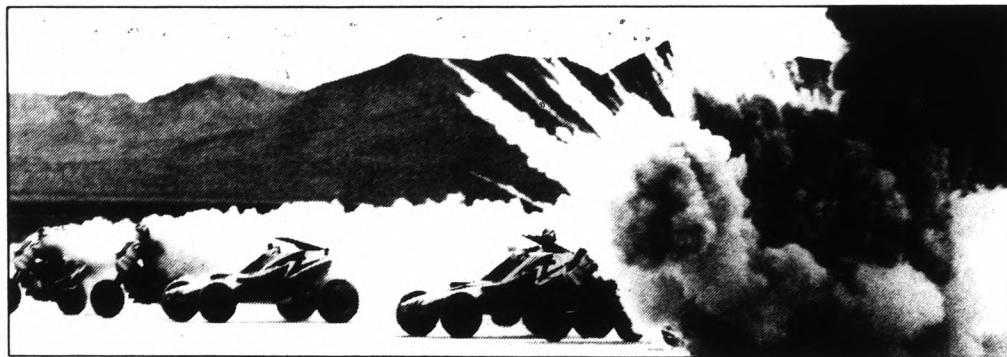
**I, THE JURY** is the second version of Mickey Spillane's Fifties tough-guy classic, this time starring Armand Assante (from *Private Benjamin*) as Mike Hammer.

Al Pacino, who appears in movies all too seldom these days, stars in **AUTHOR, AUTHOR**. He plays, oddly enough, an author (a playwright, to be specific); Dyan Cannon is the leading lady in one of his plays. Tuesday Weld is his dippy wife.



Gilda Radner and Gene Wilder star in **HANKY PANKY**, a romantic comedy with international intrigue. (Oh, that again.)

**MEGAFORCE**. Director Hal Needham, the perpetrator of all those Burt Reynolds *Smokey* flicks, gives us a blue-eyed superhero (Barry Bostwick) and some improbable motorcycles that fly, fire machine gun bullets, lob grenades and launch rockets. Persis Khambatta is also unbelievable, but at least she's pretty.



**YOUNG DOCTORS IN LOVE**: a supposedly comic look at the medical profession, starring Michael McKean (Lenny on *Laverne and Shirley*), directed by L&S creator Garry Marshall.

**GREASE 2** is a sequel of sorts; it takes place in the early Sixties and stars Lorna Luft, Maxwell Caulfield, Adrian Zmed and Michelle Pfeiffer (as well as Tab Hunter, Connie Stevens and Eve Arden from another era — the real early Sixties). Directed by choreographer Patricia Birch, *Grease 2* features lots of tight pants, tight sweaters and motorcycles.



**THE PIRATE MOVIE** stars Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins, has lots of *Blue Lagoon*-type scenery, and mucho music — actually sung by the stars. Some of the music is contemporary, some of it is Gilbert & Sullivan, since this is loosely based on *The Pirates of Penzance*.

**ESCAPE ARTIST** stars Ryan O'Neal's son Griffin, plus Teri Garr, Raoul Julia and Joan Hackett; it's been finished for a long time, was exec produced by Francis Coppola and directed by Caleb Deschanel.

**THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER**: the latest Cheech & Chong movie, this one allegedly without extensive dope references.

**RECKLESS** (which may have a title change) stars Kathleen Quinlan, Francis Sternhagen, David Keith and Cliff De Young in a contemporary love story about a photographer and a car-racing enthusiast. But what's really important about this film is that Jennifer Owens, *Ampersand's* West Coast Sales Director, is an extra in an art

gallery scene. "Probably ended up on the cutting room floor," she laments.



**CONAN THE BARBARIAN**, written and directed by John Milus (who made one of the most romantic films ever, *The Wind and the Lion*), presents the mythic pulp hero, Arnold Schwarzenegger is Conan, dancer Sandahl Bergman is suitably lovely and unclad, and the sets and costumes look terrific. But so did *Excalibur*'s.

**THE ROAD WARRIOR** (tentative title) is an Australian venture starring Mel Gibson (the blond hero of *Gallipoli*); it's a science fiction look at the destruction of urban society, no less.

**ANNIE** — the huge version of the Broadway hit, starring Aileen Quinn as Little Orphan Annie, Albert Finney as Daddy Warbucks, and dozens of other stars like Carol Burnett. Directed by John Huston.



**BLADE RUNNER**. Another chance for men to admire and women to drool over Harrison Ford, who plays a futuristic detective assigned to track down and eliminate androids — rebellious non-humans. Except that he falls in love with one of them (portrayed by Sean Young). Rutger Hauer (a droolee in his own right) also stars.

**A MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT SEX COMEDY** is the latest from Woody Allen, also starring Mary Steenbergen, Mia Farrow, Jose Ferrer and Tony Roberts. Summer in the country with six characters in assorted romantic and sexual liaisons.

IT'S ALL merly title-ler and Ke-fated Las-story, play-ality confl-director D

NIGHT Winkler a-terprising-ble on a g-running a-by Ron H

THE WO TO GAR bestseller, Garp. Wr Away Tesi Roy Hill, Beth Hur

THE SEC animated based on portedly 'tasia.'

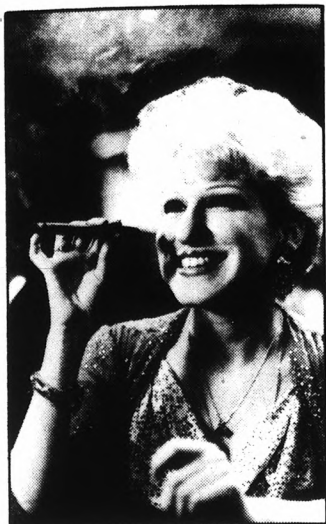
Mellowe

CARMIN May 2... May 3... May 4...

ASIA May 1... May 2... May 3... May 5... May 6... May 10... May 12... May 13...



# MOVIES & MUSIC GUIDE



**IT'S ALL IN THE GAME** (formerly titled *Jinxed*) stars Bette Midler and Ken Wahl; this is the ill-fated Las Vegas gambling/love story, plagued with on-set personality conflicts between Midler and director Don Siegel, among others.

**NIGHT SHIFT** gives us Henry Winkler and Michael Keaton as enterprising New Yorkers who stumble on a get-rich-quick scheme: running a whorehouse. Directed by Ron *Happy Days* Howard.

**THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP**, based on John Irving's bestseller, stars Robin Williams as Garp. Written by Steve *Breaking Away* Tesich, directed by George Roy Hill, and also starring Mary Beth Hurt and Swoosie Kurtz.

**THE SECRET OF NIMH**, animated by Disney defectors, is based on a children's book and reportedly "reminds you of *Fantasia*."

## MUSIC



*Mellowed-out Mangione*

### CARMINE APPICE

May 2 ..... Providence, RI  
May 3 ..... Philadelphia, PA  
May 4 ..... Washington, DC

### ASIA

May 1 ..... Philadelphia, PA  
May 2 ..... New York, NY  
May 3 ..... Buffalo, NY  
May 5 ..... Rochester, NY  
May 6 ..... Poughkeepsie, NY  
May 10 ..... Akron, OH  
May 12 ..... Grand Rapids, MI  
May 13 ..... Detroit, MI

May 14 ..... Chicago, IL  
May 15 ..... Ames, IO  
May 17 ..... Minneapolis, MN  
May 18 ..... Milwaukee, WI  
May 21 ..... San Francisco, CA  
May 23 ..... Fresno, CA  
May 24 ..... Santa Cruz, CA  
May 25 ..... Stockton, CA  
May 27 ..... Santa Barbara, CA  
May 28-29 ..... Santa Monica, CA  
May 30 ..... San Diego, CA

### BLACK SABBATH

May 4 ..... Casper, WY  
May 5 ..... Pocatello, ID  
May 6 ..... Salt Lake City, UT  
May 8 ..... Denver, CO  
May 9 ..... Albuquerque, NM  
May 11 ..... Houston, TX  
May 12 ..... Dallas, TX  
May 13 ..... San Antonio, TX  
May 17 ..... New York, NY  
May 18 ..... Providence, RI  
May 19 ..... Wilkesbarre, PA  
May 21 ..... Rochester, NY  
May 22 ..... Syracuse, NY  
May 23 ..... Binghamton, NY

### BOBBY "BLUE" BLAND

May 16 ..... St. Petersburg, FL

### CHICAGO

May 31 ..... Ft. Pierre, FL



*Cool Carter*

### ALBERT COLLINS

May 1 ..... Grinnell, IO  
May 7 ..... St. Paul, MN  
May 14-15 ..... Chicago, IL  
May 20 ..... Toledo, OH  
May 28 ..... Wichita, KS

### RITA COOLIDGE

June 17-19 ..... San Diego, CA  
July 14 ..... Costa Mesa, CA

### CROSBY, STILLS & NASH

Aug. 1 ..... Portland, ME  
Aug. 2 ..... Worcester, MA  
Aug. 5 ..... Columbia, MD  
Aug. 7 ..... Hampton, WV  
Aug. 9 ..... Pittsburgh, PA  
Aug. 10 ..... Hershey, PA  
Aug. 11 ..... Philadelphia, PA  
Aug. 13 ..... East Rutherford, NJ  
Aug. 14 ..... Uniondale, NY  
Aug. 16 & 17 ..... Clarkston, MI  
Aug. 18 ..... Charleston, WV  
Aug. 20 ..... Indianapolis, IN  
Aug. 21 ..... Chicago, IL  
Aug. 22 ..... Milwaukee, WI  
Aug. 24 ..... St. Louis, MO  
Aug. 25 ..... Kansas City, MO  
Aug. 26 ..... Tulsa, OK  
Aug. 28 ..... Oklahoma City, OK  
Aug. 29 ..... Wichita, KS  
Aug. 30 ..... Omaha, NB



*Soignée Supertramp*

### RODNEY CROWELL

May 2 ..... Sacramento, CA

### CHARLIE DANIELS BAND

May 13 ..... Ft. Myers, FL  
July 4 ..... West Palm Beach

### EMMYLOU HARRIS

May 1 ..... LaGrande, OR  
May 2 ..... Seattle, WA

### HOOKED ON CLASSICS

July 1 ..... Miami Beach, FL  
July 2 ..... West Palm Beach, FL  
July 3 ..... Tampa, FL

### LENA HORNE

July 19-22 ..... Detroit, MI  
July 30-Aug. 1 ..... Washington, DC

### AL JARREAU

May 11 ..... Pullman, WA  
May 16 ..... Seattle, WA

## SEVERAL DEFINITE MAYBES

*Springtime, when the crocuses un-croak, is also when the rocksters and popsters de-hibernate. Millions of your personal favorites are in the recording studios right now. Since album-making can often take more time (and money) than anyone plans on initially, precise tour bookings are apt to be put off until the album is complete. Here are some plans of some of the famous.*

**LINDA RONSTADT** is making a record, probably won't tour.

**TOM PETTY** is making a record, plans a summer tour.

**RON CARTER** plans an all-star jazz band tour.

**J. GEILS** will take whatever money is left in Europe after ...

**THE ROLLING STONES** launch a summer tour of the Continent.

**QUEEN** will definitely tour, but ...

**JACKSON BROWNE** hasn't decided yet.

**JONI MITCHELL** is pretty sure she'll make the rounds.

**JOHNNY OTIS** will mount an Oldies Revue for the resort trade.

**WARREN ZEVON** will probably tour when his album's done.

**DAVID LINDLEY** will tour, but *without* Ras Baboo Pierre.

**NEIL DIAMOND** is bringing his mood music to a grateful nation.

X makes their first major-label LP and puts it on the road.

**BOB SEGER** finishes *The Distance* (new LP) soon, then goes on the road.

**SPLIT ENZ** plans an early summer tour.

**FOREIGNER** will be getting tan on the stadium circuit.

**ASHFORD & SIMPSON** have a new pop/soul album and a tour.

**SUPERTRAMP** will publish *Tightrope*, but aren't yet sure about a tour.

**BILLY SQUIER** will try to extend his winning streak on the road.

**THE MOTELS** will check into a few cheap ones during their road spree.

**SQUEEZE** offers *Sweets from a Stranger* and several tour dates.

**BOZ SCAGGS** has been recording for aeons, probably will tour.

**GARY U.S. BONDS** keeps his comeback rolling with a tour.

**ROSEANNE CASH** makes with a new disc and roadshow.

**KENNY ROGERS** groans on a new album and all over America, too.

**GEORGE CLINTON** Funkadelic/Parliament mastermind goes solo.

**KIM CARNES** risks jet lag with tour and new LP.

**MARTY BALIN** has a new album, tour not yet certain.

**HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS** will be traveling fast all summer.

**U.F.O.** flies into selected stadiums.

### JOURNEY

May 21-22 ..... Chicago, IL

### GREG KIHN BAND

May 21-22 ..... Chicago, IL

### B.B. KING

May 13 ..... West Palm Beach, FL  
May 16 ..... St. Petersburg, FL

### CHUCK MANGIONE

Aug. 20-22 ..... Los Angeles, CA

### GARY MORRIS

May 8 ..... Cumming, GA  
May 22 ..... Laurel, MO

### SMOKEY ROBINSON

May 14-16 ..... San Francisco, CA  
May 21-22 ..... Los Angeles, CA  
June 18-20 ..... Chicago, IL  
June 25-26 ..... Cleveland, OH

*Somber Seger*



*Zealous Zevon*

### KENNY ROGERS

May 1 ..... Cincinnati, OH  
May 2 ..... Toledo, OH  
June 1 ..... Minneapolis, MN  
June 2 ..... Rockford, IL  
June 3 ..... Peoria, IL  
June 4 ..... Milwaukee, WI  
June 5-6 ..... Chicago, IL

### SON SEALS

May 1 ..... Detroit, MI  
May 13 ..... Columbus, OH  
May 27-29 ..... Minneapolis, MN

### T.G. SHEPPARD

May 8 ..... Cumming, GA  
May 18 ..... Charles Town, WV  
June 19 ..... Newton, PA  
June 26 ..... Nashville, IN  
July 10 ..... Columbus, OH  
July 25 ..... Arlington, TX  
July 30-31 ..... Cheyenne, WY

### SPLIT ENZ

May 8 ..... Los Angeles, CA

### KOKO TAYLOR

May 6-8 ..... Chicago, IL  
May 28 ..... Lafayette, LA

*Journeying Joni*



**Disclaimer:**  
*Watch your step and not so fast, anyway. There's no telling what changes these schedules may undergo between our diligent collection and their inexorable completion. So play it smart and check local listings a little in advance, just to be sure.*





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credit toward any Live Wire Phone Package in the  
future (Birthdays, Anniversaries, etc.). Valid thru  
5/9/83.

I will receive verification of date of call and mail-  
ing of gift.



# midnight movie madness

BY JOSEPH PATTON

In 1968, George Romero made a low-budget, explicit shocker called *Night of the Living Dead*. The dead, revived by an intense dose of radiation, roam the countryside, automatons with one motive: attack and devour the living. Even the "dead" must eat to stay "alive." *Living Dead* opened in drive-ins, where most films wind up, but it was soon revived at the Elgin Theatre in New York, where it played to young, enthusiastic viewers Fridays and Saturdays at midnight. Audiences went repeatedly to scream with delight as cannibalistic cadavers munched on bones and gorged on intestines and livers.

*Night of the Living Dead* pioneered the phenomenon of "midnights" — special midnight showings of films too excessive, too outrageous, too "weird" to be shown at any other time. Ben Barenholtz, who owned the Elgin when *Living Dead* was unleashed, has compared midnights to pajama parties where all the rules are broken. They're not just movies, but events, and thrill-seeking spectators frequently dress in costume, talk back to the screen, roar, boo, cheer, clap, whistle and shout. At midnights, restraint is out of place. Every midnight is Halloween.

Films that attract late-night clubs are as close to comic strips as live action can be, with something crazed and irreverent about them. Take *Martin*, for instance. When Romero's sly, spooky debunking of the Dracula legend surfaced at midnights in 1978, it was obvious that he had scored again. Martin is a shy, attractive 17-year-old who looks like the boy next door, but he has a freakish fixation: bloodsucking. Martin's ancestors emigrated to Pittsburgh from Transylvania, but since he is fang-

less, Martin uses a hypodermic to knock out his victims and hacks at their wrists with a razor blade to drink their spurting blood. Viewers leave *Martin* unsure whether he is a victim of the vampire inheritance running in the family, or a psychotic delinquent with a horrible habit.

Not much later Romero's *Dawn of the Dead* was sneaked at midnights, played briefly in regular runs, and then settled in for long runs exclusively at midnight. *Dawn* is a sicker, slicker *Living Dead*. Three men and a woman seek shelter from swarms of marauding cadavers inside a shopping mall. "Instinct brings them back here," one of the survivors says. "This place was a very important part of their lives!" All of Romero's films are awash with gore, but *Dawn* proves, once and for all, nothing succeeds like excess. A ghoul stumbles into the path of a whirling helicopter blade, and the top of its head is sliced off. A corpse bites a chunk from a victim's neck, and blood gushes like water from a fire hydrant. Spectators are open-mouthed in horror when the carnage begins; gradually, their screams dissolve into raucous laughter; eventually they break into wild applause, cheering on the last of the survivors as they escape scores of stalking goons in the best cliff-hanger tradition of vintage Saturday matinee serials. For Romero's fans, though, too much is not enough: *Day of the Dead* is in the works, completing the Zombie trilogy.

John Waters uses Romero's favorite device—shock—with gleeful abandon in *Pink Flamingos*. When it came out in 1972, *Flamingos* provoked howls of

disgust, acquired a rowdy cult following, and made its leading actor, Divine — a 300-pound female impersonator billed as "the greatest grossout of all time" — the first superstar of the midnight circuit. Divine lives in a burnt-out trailer with her son, a longhaired punk with a chicken fetish, and her mother, who has a thing for eggs. They enter a contest sponsored by the *National Enquirer* to find "the filthiest people alive." Tacky, sleazy, berserk, *Flamingos* is rated X, but viewers who expect hard-core sex are disappointed; all they get to witness is incest, fellatio, castration and exhibitionism. "To me, bad taste is what entertainment is all about," Waters writes in *Shock Value*. "If someone vomits watching one of my films, it's like getting a standing ovation." *Flamingos'* climactic scene — Divine scoops up a fresh pile of French poodle excrement and eats it, lickety-split — is one of the most talked-about in the history of midnights. The strong of stomach are outraged and amused at the same time, while the squeamish look in vain on the back of the seat in front of them for an emergency bag.

David Lynch's *Eraserhead* rivals and, quite possibly, surpasses *Pink Flamingos* in sheer grossness. It combines elements of science-fiction and fantasy, but it's impossible to categorize, let alone explain. *Eraserhead* concerns Henry, a simpleton with a bouffant hairdo that resembles a fright wig; Mary X, his moronic wife; and their offspring, a cross between a human and a dinosaur. Baby's crying sends Mary home to Mother. Henry feeds Baby a worm, and Baby grows... and Grows... and GROWS!! Poor, startled Henry retreats into a sordid dream world, torn between the Beautiful Girl Across the Hall, a hooker who pouts prettily, and the Lady in the Radiator, who sings sweetly while worms fall around her and squish underfoot. In

the end Henry loses his head, and it is turned into an eraser. *Eraserhead* fans, who roar with satisfaction during its grosser scenes, believe that a truer picture of the mind of middle-class America would be hard to find, except maybe at a K-Mart checkout lane. Lynch, of course, went on to fame directing *Elephant Man*.

Jim Sharman's *Rocky Horror Picture Show* — an outrageous melange of clichés from monster epics, Marvel comics, beach-blanket frolics and Fifties and Sixties rock 'n' roll — is the quintessential fluke. It bombed in 1975, but not long after that it resurfaced at midnights and mushroomed into a national phenomenon. Brad and Janet, two clean-cut kids, get mixed up in the weird antics at a castle where Frank N. Furter, a transvestite scientist from outer space, is conducting manic experiments, creating drag revues and a blond stud he plans to put to good use — his own.

Audiences turn *Rocky Horror* into a midnight masquerade, dressing as members of the mad doctor's kinky household: Riff Raff, the hunchback henchman; Magenta, his sister; the tap-dancing Little Nell; and Frank N. Furter himself, in black corset and high heels. Audiences dance the Time Warp in the aisles, throw rice, spray water, flick cigarette lighters and sing along with the soundtrack: "Toucha, toucha, toucha, touch me/I wanna be dirty/Thrill me, fill me, fulfill me/Creature of the night." *Rocky Horror* is the most popular midnight so far, perhaps because it catches the confusion of two all-American kids agape at the sexual permissiveness of the Seventies.

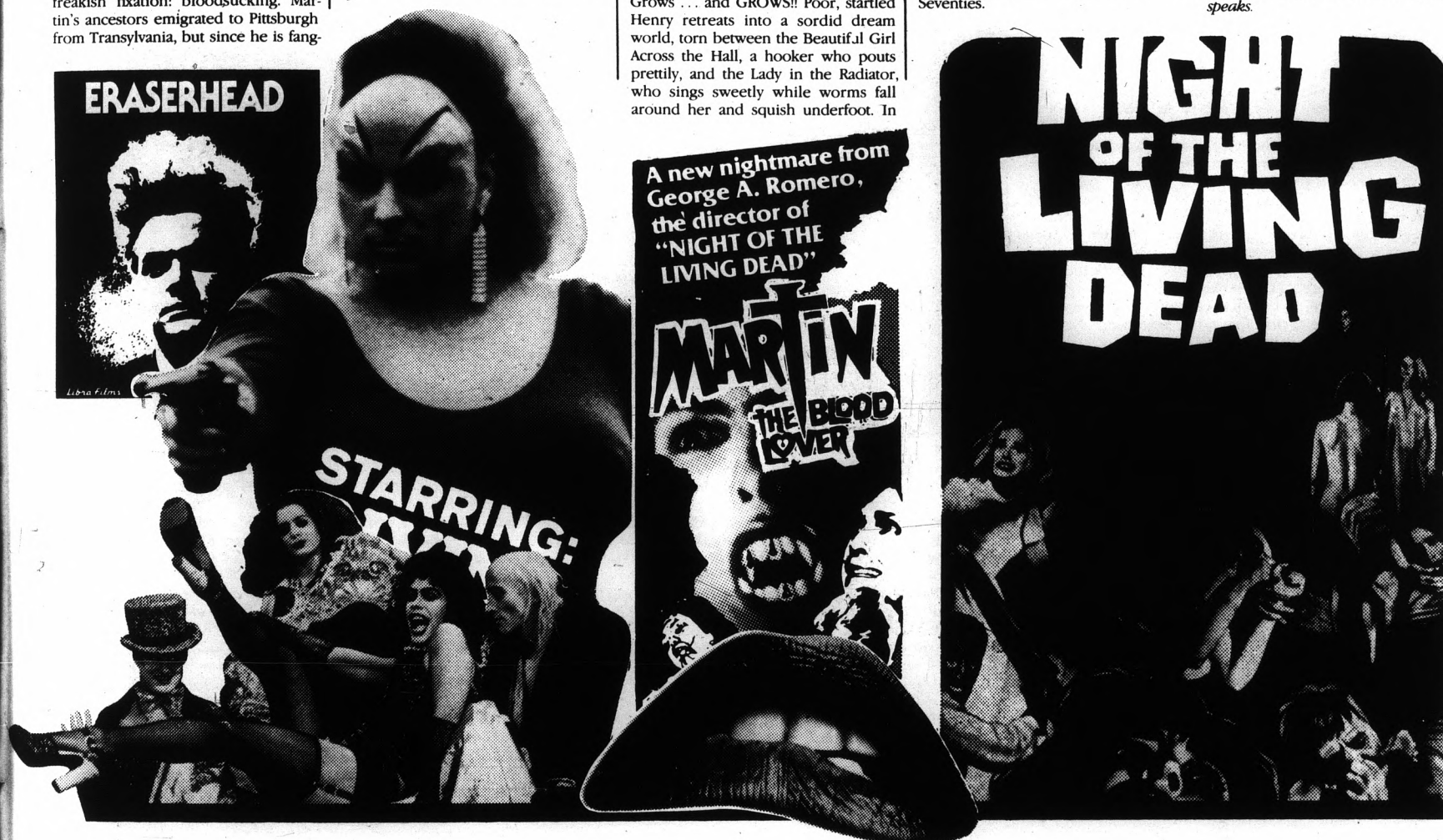
*Shock Treatment*, a sequel from the makers of *Rocky Horror*, opened at the Waverly Theatre in New York last October, but it hasn't caught fire the way *Rocky Horror* did. Since they're aberrations, it's hard to predict what films will inspire midnight madness, but Frank Perry's *Mommie Dearest*, with Faye Dunaway in a monstrous caricature of Joan Crawford, has the stuff midnights are made of: outrageous humor, shocking behavior, topsy-turvy morality. Audiences have mimicked Crawford's abuse of her daughter, Christina, and her obsession with cleanliness, mock-strangling people sitting next to them with wire hangers and attacking gummy theatre floors with scrub brushes and Bon Ami.

Midnight movie fans often dream up their own bizarre scenarios. Here's mine: a solitary figure totters in high heels down Hollywood Blvd. Whatever it is, it looks like Joan Crawford in the last stages of leprosy, with the blank stare of the "living dead." Rolling her eyes, twisting her lips grotesquely, she cries "Chr...ist...in...aah!"

Outside the theatre, a poster reads: "The Maddest Mother of All Time Is Back — And This Time She's Really A Monster!! With apologies to George Romero, Wire Hanger Productions presents Divine in a film by John Waters, *Afternoon of the Living Dead* (NOT a Soap Opera). The Abuse Continues..."

Tickets, anyone?

Joseph Patton lives in Charlottesville, Virginia, for the past three years or so he's managed a company that rents theaters in college towns to exhibit midnight movies. He knows whereof he speaks.





# GEORGE CARLIN: STILL SANE AFTER ALL THESE



By RICHARD LEVINSON

George Carlin is sitting in a director's chair in a Los Angeles photography studio, mugging for the camera. "Hey, Jerry, Brenda, c'mon you guys, you gotta say some stuff that'll really make me laugh," Carlin says to his wife of twenty years and his longtime friend (now personal manager) Jerry Hamza. "What're the seven deadly sins?" asks Carlin.

"Greed," answers Hamza. Carlin's face suddenly becomes very greedy. Click. One frame.

"Try pride." Pride. Click. Not quite.

"Nah, that was really more disdain, wasn't it?" says Carlin.

"Lust." Ahhh, lust. Carlin's face grabs lust and holds it in a strangle-lock for three frames. He's got lust down.

"Great, great. How about anger?" suggests Hamza.

"Anger? Oh, yeah, but I can't do that one. It takes too much out of you."

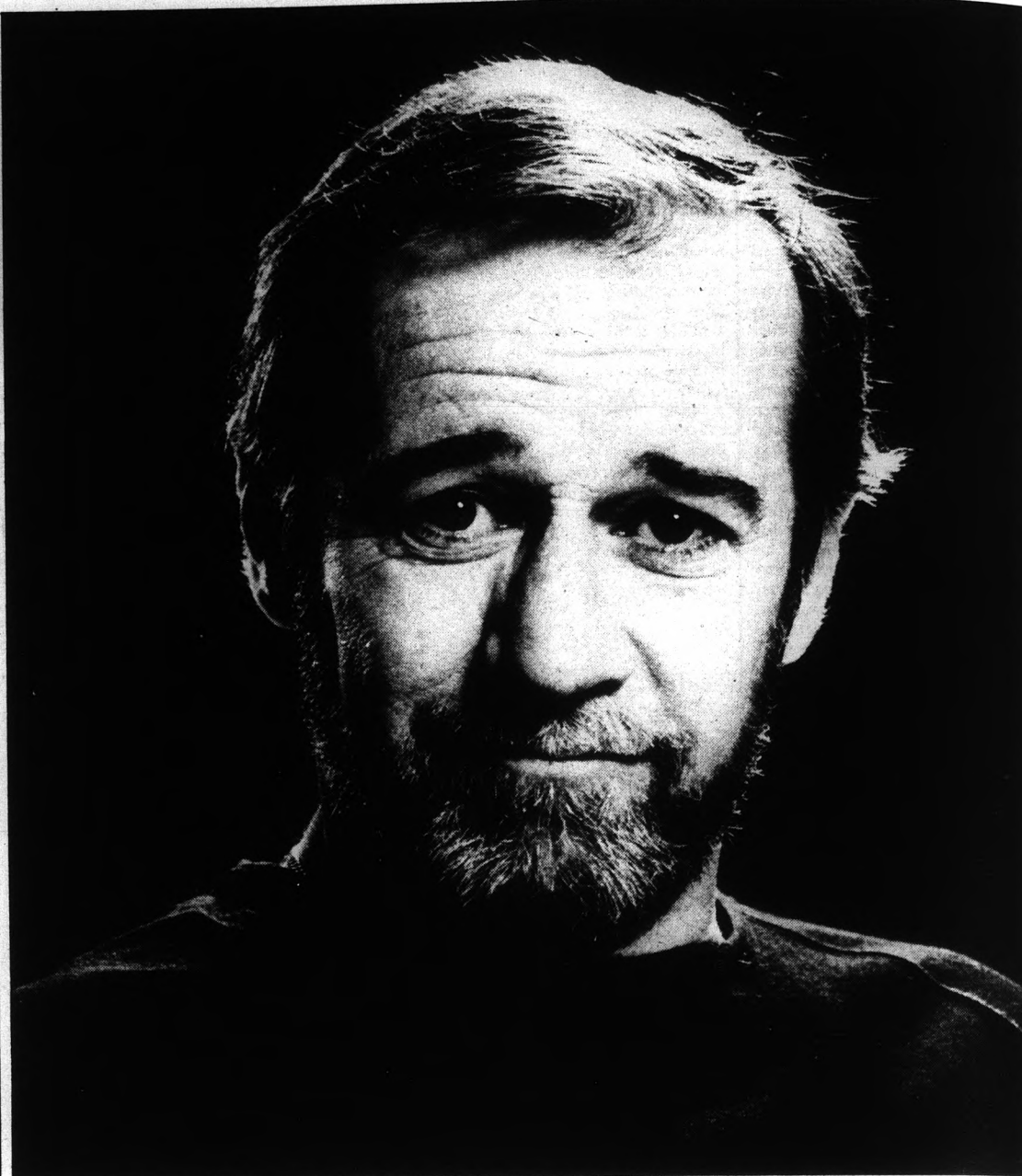
"I think lust is the one," says Hamza.

The photographer calls a break, and Carlin gives his face a rest. The camera, on its own, falls forward on its tripod. "That's the inanimate world responding to me," says Carlin. Hamza starts laughing, then goes over to the telephone to do some business. Hey, where there's a phone, there's an office, right?

These days, there's a lot of business for Hamza to do. After almost five years of relative obscurity for this normally high-profile comedian, George Carlin is back, and back loud. A new album (*A Place for My Stuff*), a *Playboy* interview, plans for books, more records, a cable T.V. show on HBO ("The biggest budget in the history of cable comedy" says Hamza), more frequent tours and *Tonight Show* appearances ("Do you know who the most popular guest host is?" Hamza knows), and lots and lots of ink bear witness to Carlin's return to the spotlight. But, like everything else in his sometimes turbulent career, this re-emergence is on Carlin's own terms. A brief Carlinography: he achieved some notoriety in the Sixties as a "straight" comic and satirist, known for such bits as "The Indian Sergeant" (which you still hear on airline stereo comedy programs, wedged between Bob Newhart and Phyllis Diller), and for the classic 45 "Wonderful WINO"/"Hippy Dippy Weatherman." He built his Las Vegas price up to \$12,500 per week, but in 1970 left the comfort of the Vegas stage cold. The much retold story of his hasty exit from his straight career says less about censorship, (audiences of conventioners began to take exception to his more controversial act, and the hotel fired him), than it does about Carlin himself. He simply had more he wanted to say than the audience was ready to hear, so it was bye-bye Las Vegas. Carlin began playing colleges in the early Seventies and again achieved success, recording six albums (four gold) as a "counterculture" comedian and as a "social critic," labels that Carlin himself wouldn't use.

"I don't do politics. Basically, I do this for myself. My main priority is to be funny, to get them to say 'God, wasn't that clever,' to satisfy my childhood ego. I talk about what's in your refrigerator, how your dog and cat are different, words you use without noticing what they mean. Beyond that, I have a great us-and-them mentality, which surfaces along with the other stuff. It's another section of my personality. But I don't rely on that. I go out there to be funny."

The mid-Seventies brought a lot of changes, none particularly for the better. Massive cocaine consumption, a heart attack, the pursuit



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADY VON JANSKY

of a movie that was never to be completed, and years of therapy kept Carlin out of the public eye. He survived: health, wit and, almost as importantly, career intact. That kind of silence might deal a fatal blow to the career of one or another entertainer, but in many ways, Carlin's comeback has been easier than his going away. He attributes this to the professional groundwork he has laid over two successful career phases so far.

"Monologues are the basic thing I do. They always will be. That's the thing that got me from standing behind all the guys on the corner to standing in front. If I'm able to expand and develop other forms of writing and performance, they'll be good for me. But they'll never entirely eclipse that the basic thing I do is think about things, stand up and tell them. Having established over a long period of time that I am someone who can always come back and do that well, I would expect the audience to have full confidence, to be ready for me."

Minding the fine points of coming back is the task of Carlin's professional advisors, headed by Hamza. Forget how Carlin might describe himself in conversation, his most recent image is that of a rubber-limbed, wild-eyed class clown who, as often as not, would

get himself in trouble saying the right thing to the wrong people. Now, his presentation to the public is very neatly sculpted: the official photo on Carlin's press-kit shows a rather mature, intelligent face with a neatly clipped beard, a friendly, amused... benevolent look. Like a cross between a happily tenured college professor and a liberal, socially aware (dare I say it?) priest. The new, grown-up George Carlin.

Although he must have approved of the milder image (nothing in his career gets by him), it doesn't prevent him from saying whatever he feels like at interview time.

"I don't see much hope for this society, maybe even the human race. The [population] segment I identify with is the one that feels, as I do, that it's hopeless. The things I do that are pointedly anti-institution are just my way of name calling, of standing across the street and shaking my fist. So, I do them, and try to make them as funny as possible, so they are entertaining to the segment that doesn't give a (insert one of the seven words you can never say on T.V., or print in this magazine). The trouble is profit. I think the only real hope is to kill about three or four hundred million people, maybe even a billion, and start all over again without cash

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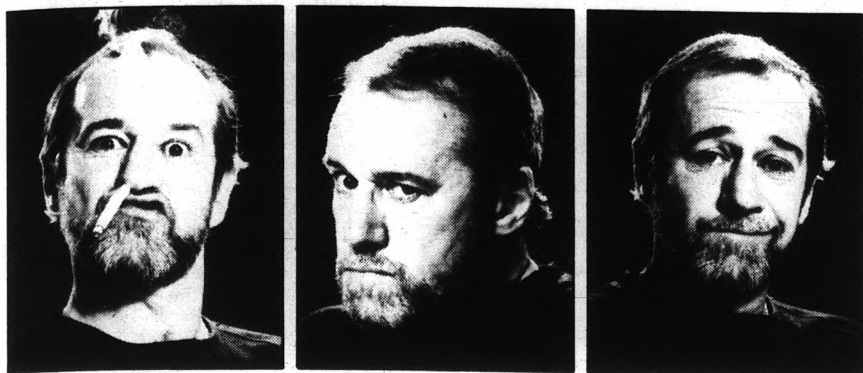
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# THESE YEARS



registers."

Are the billion on any particular continent?

"No, they're all over. You'd have to aim mainly at the financial centers, the commercial centers. I want to be fair. When you're killing that many people, you want to be as fair as possible. It'll be nice, because you'll get a lot of Christians, too."

Carlin doesn't like Christians very much. "Christians have spread more evil than most. I don't like many organized religions, including Judaism. But the Jews have usually been packing and running — it was the Christians doing the chasing."

Is the trouble in the teachings, or are people just reading it wrong?

"You've answered the question. Nothing wrong with the teachings. But you let a couple greedheads get a hold of some gold, and they'll f-k up a good philosophy every time." Carlin adds that this will probably end up as a routine, perhaps as a companion piece to a bit he does on life after the nuclear holocaust.

That's the trouble talking with George Carlin. You never really know if you're hearing the man or the comedian. It's a line Carlin is consciously trying to erase. "I want to get as close to being myself on stage as I can. It's a structured, orderly, professional self, but it's still me. So, the more an audience knows about me personally, the better."

It's this meld of person and comic that makes it possible for Carlin to do his diatribe on Christians, then turn around, go on the *Tonight Show*, do a neat, very funny 10 minutes without a trace of controversy, and feel that, in both cases, he has presented a valid side of himself. ("And now, the news. A man, attempting to walk around the world, drowned today."). There's a lot of death in Carlin's *Tonight Show* material, but death has never been a forbidden subject on television.

"The problem with doing the *Tonight Show* is that so many people see you there that never see you anywhere else. A woman wrote me a letter asking for her \$10 back for the album. She went through such a story, about how she'd loved me on the *Tonight Show*, and played the album for her husband and friends, and got so embarrassed. I sent her the ten. That's not to set a precedent. If it appears in this magazine, I'll just deny it."

"Now, as far as the career goes..." Carlin warms to his favorite subject, his future. It seems that he puts up with, no, *encourages* the hustling, business side of himself, knowing that the payoff is that he gets paid to do what he loves most and does best: talk. "On the new cable show, I'm going to be doing a lot more characterizations, in costume. Up 'til now, my characters have just been supporting players. Now, I'm going to put them in front. The show will have maybe twenty minutes of monologue, and about forty minutes of sketches, blackouts, vignettes, whatever."

Touring? ("George sold out his last tour.

Added shows in Pittsburgh," says Hamza.)

"Yes, I'm going out soon for 18 days in the East, Midwest, and South."

The album?

"It could have had a better December, but my albums have always had good, solid, steady growth. They sell, they've got legs. And for a first step in a new direction, it's doing magnificently."

Legs? Such a showbiz term for this anti-showbiz comedian. But somehow, the paradox never crosses into hypocrisy. No one feeds Carlin his lines. He knows about and oversees every aspect of his career. He's the one taking the chances, he's the one making the decisions. If anyone has to know about the business side, it's going to be George. And characteristically, he's more than willing to talk about it.

"I've been autonomous all my career, all my life. That's done all the things for me that have happened. The fact that I made the choices. When a posture of that type pays off so handsomely, both in personal satisfaction and money, it's harder and harder to pull away and let other people in." But, with the cable show and other "conceptual" projects, other artistic people will have to be involved. "I'm taking it step by step. As long as I'm the person doing the writing and acting, I can have others advise me. I think I can open myself to that now."

The photographer is ready for a few more shots. I ask Carlin how many photo sessions he's had in his career.

"One hundred and fourteen, exactly. Not counting the ones that didn't come out."

As the pictures are snapped, Carlin does a few lines, gentle ones for a man bent on killing a billion people: "Don't you hate it when you wake up at night, and there's a spider crawling on your pillow, and you don't know his name?" Brenda laughs, and Carlin says, "That laugh. After twenty years, that's still what it's all about."

"I want to share the little wonders of the world. Not the big ones, those are in the books. Just the little ones. I'm afraid to go out and fight for justice, because I'm afraid it's a losing battle. But I think ideas and comedy can co-exist. You can be relatively smart and still be pretty funny."

As the session winds down, Carlin and Hamza are talking. I walk over with the tape recorder. "Hey, Jerry, better watch that corporate stuff. The recorder's on," Carlin is laughing. Then he adds, apparently in reference to their discussion, "Time-Life. The two things they know nothing about, they use as their name."

Now everyone is laughing, a sound familiar to Carlin. I ask him if he has anything he'd like to add before he takes off. He's got an answer ready. After 114 photo sessions and years of interviews, you better believe he's got an answer ready. Still, he sounds like he means it.

"I'm happy, and I'm looking forward to whatever happens to me next."

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## ON DISC

VAN MORRISON  
Beautiful Vision

(Warner Bros.) Here's a scenario: William Blake and W.B. Yeats are swooped up in a cosmic time ray and transported to the Sixties where they're exposed to a relentless barrage of soul and R&B records, after which the poetic pair's respective consciousnesses are fused together and transplanted into the pudgy body of a wacked-out Irishman who used to front a rock group called Them.

Maybe it didn't happen quite like that, but after listening to Van Morrison's latest solo album (his 14th), one begins to wonder. *Beautiful Vision* is a glorious, screwball affair featuring Van the Man in the throes of spiritual ecstasy, reveling in his Celtic roots, celebrating his heartfelt hodgepodge of religious beliefs and summoning up his uncanniest of musical chops.

Song titles like "Aryan Mist," "She Gives Me Religion," "Dweller on the Threshold" and "Across the Bridge Where Angels Dwell" tell part of the story, with Morrison knee-deep in mystical hyperbole, quoting from tomes as diverse as the Bible, the Bhagavad-Gita, Alice Bailey's *Glamour—A World Problem* and Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. But then, on the stunning, funny "Cleaning Windows," Van forgets all the portentous deity-dropping to deliver a simple first-person narrative from a "workin' man in my prime" who washes windows on week days and then goes "blowin' saxophone on the weekend in some downtown joint."

Either way—adrift in metaphysical hooey or wiping clean his squeegee—Morrison gets away with it. Flanked by a trio of cooing female backup singers, Van grunts, groans, growls and warbles like a man possessed, while his band churns out rhythms and riffs that combine the earthiness of *Tupelo Honey* and the august, ethereal strains of *Astral Weeks* with a funky verve (check out Pee Wee Ellis' sax on "Cleaning Windows") heretofore unmatched in Morrison's career.

Steven X. Rea

LOU REED  
The Blue Mask

(RCA) Our story thus far: Lou Reed, famed for penning such exercises in rock decadence as "Heroin" and "Walk on the Wild Side," cleans up his act and opts for the decent life. He marries (a woman, even) settles down and stops writing songs about junkies and senseless violence, ultimately releasing an album of (almost) conventional love songs, *Growing up in Public*, some two years ago.

Now there's an update: Reed's mellowing has (thankfully) not been total. While fans could congratulate him on his new-found personal contentment, there was evidence that his creative powers were not at their height. *Growing up in Public*, for all its good intentions, suffered from self-conscious lyrics and amorphous music. Reed's best work had addressed themes of ugliness and despair with a heroic directness—hearts-and-flowers sentiments didn't seem to suit him.

*The Blue Mask* is a distinct step in the right direction. If not up to the standards of his startlingly innovative

work with the Velvet Underground (his brilliant band in the Sixties), it nevertheless shows that he retains the grit and honesty that were his trademarks. His latest LP doesn't find him denying the changes in his lifestyle, but it does show him capable of more than mundane love songs.

The album's real strength, however, is its fierce musical approach. Supported by a new band, Reed plays guitar with a slashing edge that's sadly been missing from his records for some time. The atonal screechings he reveled in back in his Velvet Underground days are heard once more in "Waves of Fear" and "The Blue Mask." Complementing his renewed playing abilities, Reed's singing has regained much of its old dramatic nuance.

Barry Alfonso

DWIGHT TWILLEY  
Scuba Divers

(EMI) "And now I'm back again, with a hole in my shoe/I'm back again, now everything's new..."

Dwight Twilley is unarguably back. Seven years after his "I'm on Fire"

torched the Top 20, three years since his last album, the boyish Southwestern popster returns. Twilley has a new label and a new album, but it sounds suspiciously like someone else's music.

It took me halfway through the first side of *Scuba Divers* to realize I wasn't listening to the new Tom Petty album. Even taking into account regional similarities and both musicians' fondness for buzzy Byrds-ian arrangements, "I'm Back Again" and "Somebody to Love" (DT's current single) uncannily resemble the mealy-mouthed Floridian at his worst. These are tepid pieces, exercises in recycling that add little and annoy plenty. They're not isolated instances either; the flipside offers "Dion Baby," weak-kneed pop of the most dismissible stripe, and "Cryin' over Me," an unsavory attempt to toughen up that cops its lick from—of all the tired warhorses—Led Zep's "Whole Lotta Love."

Twilley's return isn't all bad; the title track, while nonsensical lyrically, packs some charge, and "Touchin' the Wind," which breaks the Petty lock of Side One, achieves the kind of yearning romanticism that so rightly earned Twilley praise in the wake of his first

(with Phil Seymour) lp, *Sincerely*. "I Think It's That Girl" is standard Beatle-esque stuff, good for a spin or two.

The lack of inspiration on *Scuba Divers* may have any number of causes. Apparently, the tracks were recorded over a period of time, at different locations, for several prospective labels. Or maybe the well's simply gone dry. Or the genre that Twilley works—melodic, Sixties-inflected pop-rock—may have yielded all its going to yield in terms of riffs and rhyme. Whatever the causes, Twilley's return delivers much less than fans who fell for "Fire," "TV" or "Twilley Don't Mind" had a right to expect.

Gene Sculatti

## OKEH REISSUES

(EPIC) Culled from a half-century of pivotal American music, brilliantly and copiously annotated, handsomely packaged—Epic Records' five-album ten-LP reissue of the best from the gold mine vaults of the venerated

Okeh label may be the most significant reissue series of recent years.

Okeh Records (1918-1969) was known primarily as a purveyor of "race music," that euphemistic appellation that encompassed jazz, R&B, soul and the blues during each of those genre's halcyon eras. This beautifully conceived and presented series further documents the label's forays into Western Swing. With two-album packages highlighting the company's contributions to each of these musical forms, the listener is treated to the early recorded work of such pivotal names as Muddy Waters, Major Lance, Bob Wills, Little Richard and Ahmad Jamal cheek by jowl with such forgotten greats as Johnny Shines, Billy Butler and the Enchanters, the Light Crust Doughboys and the ineffable Sandmen. Screamin' Jay Hawkins shares the grooves with Doc Bagby on *Okeh Rhythm & Blues*; Sons of the Pioneers segue to Emmett Miller & His Georgia Crackers on *Okeh Western Swing*; Victoria Spivey compliments The Yas Yas Girl on *Okeh Chicago Blues* and on and on. It's a marvelous cornucopia, a musical motherlode that delights, astounds and preserves.

Davin Seay

## IN PRINT

## Pinball

JERZY KOSINSKI  
Bantam Paperback, \$7.95

Goddard's not your typical rock superstar. No Hollywood Bowl concerts, no corporate-sponsored national tours, no full-color magazine cover shots of his dates or his arrests—in fact, no photos at all. Goddard wants the impossible: to sell three million records a year while maintaining a private life and identity despite (or because of) his fans.

To that end, he's managed an anonymity so complete that not even the executives at Nektar Records have seen his face, or learned the address of his secret recording studio home. How Goddard becomes the prey of a fan desperate to know him is part of the story Jerzy Kosinski tells in *Pinball*. The rest of the story is not so straightforward. It involves Patrick Domostroy, a faded composer who's seduced into assisting the desperate and evil Andrea Gwynplaine; Donna Downes, a sensuous black Chopinist whose ambition at the piano needs Domostroy's experienced touch to succeed; and Jimmy Osten, the Clark Kent flip side of Goddard.

Kosinski's preoccupation with a celebrity's right to privacy is understandable. He was, after all, only hours away from meeting Sharon Tate for dinner at her home when an airline luggage mix-up prevented him from taking his flight to Los Angeles and a ringside seat at the Manson murders. It's his Harold Robbins-style perspective on male-female relationships, and women in general, that's hard to figure. Pianist Donna Downes speaks for all of *Pinball*'s lascivious ladies when she tells of the night when "Marcello and I returned to the bar. I was still excited. My whole body oozed sex, and I spun from one orgasm to the next. Like heartbeats, they kept on

coming—for as long as I wanted..."

It could be that the cardboard women like Donna effectively serve to point out the existential despair that only Kosinski's men are capable of feeling. Or, it could be that the pop novel formula of sin-seduction-and-servitude doesn't easily adapt to the serious and worthy questions Kosinski seems to have in mind about privacy and society's expectations of its artists.

Or, it could be that Kosinski hasn't noticed that the mechanics of pinball have been replaced by electronic video games, and that the mechanical sex of the pop novel has been replaced by living, breathing sensuality in the best fiction of the Eighties.

R. Sue Smith

## Majipoor Chronicles

ROBERT SILVERBERG  
Pram Books, \$5.95

*Majipoor Chronicles* is not really a novel—it is a collection of short stories set on the planet Majipoor, the world of Silverberg's *Lord Valentine's Castle*. The stories are linked with an ingenious narrative device—Hissune, Lord Valentine's successor-designate, is allowed to delve into the Hall of Records, where telepathically encoded memories of the citizens are stored.

We see Hissune, at first merely a mischievous boy, grow and mature as he lives these people's lives. Some of them are giants of intellect and courage, some are petty, lost in their prejudices and hatreds. All are fascinating, and all help Hissune to understand the world he will one day rule.

Indeed, the only time one can truly smell blood flowing through the tales is during the numerous and varied sexual encounters. In fact, sexuality is the most dominant form of physical action. This is by no means an insurmountable problem: Silverberg's talent is so strong that his concern for these

people and their lives pierces the veil of intellectual satyrism.

*Majipoor* is a fascinating creation, a tree which will undoubtedly bear additional fruit, but it is to be hoped that further adventures will be experiences of fuller spectrum—it is something of a cheat to give us such a tantalizing world, and then limit our perception of it.

Steven Barnes

## Sound Effects

SIMON FRITH  
Pantheon, \$8.95

Simon Frith leads an intriguing double life: on the one hand he is a professor of sociology at the University of Warwick, England—a most respectable position—and on the other, a smirk—rock critic. The happy convergence of these two seemingly contradictory employments is a writing style which, transmitted to us via columns in *Creem* and (presently) *New York Rocker* and now through this book, is consistently informed and thought-provoking.

In *Sound Effects* Frith sees rock'n'roll (which he uses to describe chiefly the Fifties form) and rock as a cultural phenomenon grounded in the youth and leisure activities of the past (particularly the 1920s) but with a value and meaning all its own. The book is structured around a production/consumption theory of rock culture—the chapters are titled "Making Music," "Making Money," "Making Meaning" and so on—but the emphasis is important: Frith's analyses of the means of production and of marketing are vital but not unprecendented; his real concern is how music is consumed, an area he feels has been unjustly neglected. He explores with great insight and care the uses of rock: as background music for teenage activity, as the rallying point for youth

"community," as a means of making sense out of one's existence.

*Sound Effects* is clearly intended as a text and is, as Frith himself introduces it, "a solid and generally sober work." Thus, the going may be slow at times—a comparison between the Frankfurt School and Marxist theories of mass culture—doesn't exactly make for fun reading—but Frith has a way of making sense out of even intellectually abstract concepts.

Mikel Toombs

## Are the Kids All Right?

JOHN G. FULLER  
Times Books, \$13.50

Rock and roll will never die, but you just might. That seems to be the message John G. Fuller is attempting to convey in this gripping recreation of the infamous Who concert at Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum on December 3, 1979. Fuller's unique—and certain to be controversial—theory endeavors to explain the forces that contributed to the deaths of the eleven fans who were asphyxiated as they stood among the huge crowd waiting to enter the Coliseum.

Using the Who concert as a focal point, Fuller traces the history of hard rock violence from the mid-Sixties clashes between England's Mods and Rockers to recent disturbances at Van Halen concerts and argues that such disturbances result from a hidden death wish on the part of the rock generation. Fortunately, Fuller keeps his theorizing from becoming too dry by combining it with fascinating biographical information on Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, the Doors, the Rolling Stones, the Who and other such rock superstars. The central story of the events leading up to the disaster at the Who concert is suspensefully told, and makes the book difficult to put down.

Richard Grabam



# OFF THE WALL

## Futzie Nutzle: A Stickman for Our Times

BY BILL BRAUNSTEIN

Futzie Nutzle is not the latest flavor of the week at Baskin-Robbins. Futzie Nutzle is not the lint you find in your navel at the end of the day. Futzie Nutzle is not an esoteric hardware part. "With a name like that," he says, "when people meet me, they are disappointed. They expect some sort of clown that jumps out of a box."

What people do meet is a cartoonist whose best known work appeared on the Letters page of *Rolling Stone* from 1975 to early 1981. But Nutzle's cartoons, which can be likened to drug-addled ideas developed at 33-1/3 rpm and drawn at 78 rpm, have been all over. The publications that have carried his work range from the high and mighty (*Esquire*, *Quest*, *New West*, *Road and Track*, *Oui* and the *Village Voice*) to the low and shaky (the *Free Spaghetti Dinner*, *West Bay Dadist* and the *Weekly Breeder*).

"You're probably wondering," says Nutzle, standing by the door of his grey-blue woodframe house, "why I lead an isolated life out here in nowhere's land" a tiny town in the Monterey Bay area of Northern California. A very tiny town. Cattle in the fields nearby outnumber people. The main street consists of a post office, fire house and grocery store.

It's a good question, considering that Nutzle's deliriously gonzo sketches are concerned with space-age man facing contemporary problems. His first book of cartoons, released last September, is even called *Modern Loafer*. Yet the look from Nutzle's porch is early American barren.

"This will explain," Nutzle gets into his silver 1957 Chevy, fires it up and drives a few minutes before stopping. He is surrounded by hills which seem to tumble over one another in an endless cascade of purple hues. Wood and wire fences run just outside the car, separating pastures from the dirt road. A cow munches some grass. "This is beautiful—and it's just a mile from my home. As an artist, if you can't be inspired by this, forget it."

Nutzle's inspirations have appeared outside the pages of newspapers and magazines, on display in such prestigious places as the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney in New York. His second book, *American Nutzle*, will be out sometime next fall, and he is currently negotiating a contract with a Los Angeles animation studio, finalizing plans to make a feature-length animated film.

Here, most certainly, is a man on the move, yet everything about him is shaded in mystery, either by design or out of an inert strangeness. Nutzle, for example, will refuse to be interviewed if the town in which he lives is mentioned. He also refuses to be photographed. Even Nutzle's agent is in on the game: he legally changed his name to Freeman Zygoté a few years back, cryptically citing reasons having to do with freedom and unfertilized eggs.

Then, of course, there is Nutzle's name. He is introduced in a wide variety of ways; some call him Futz, or Futzie Nutzle, or Nutty, but most friends call him just Nutzle. There's no great story or moment of truth that lead to the name change, Nutzle ad-



The Futz and his alter ego stick figure (above), a Nutzle closeup (far right), and three samples from his latest book, *Modern Loafer* (elsewhere).

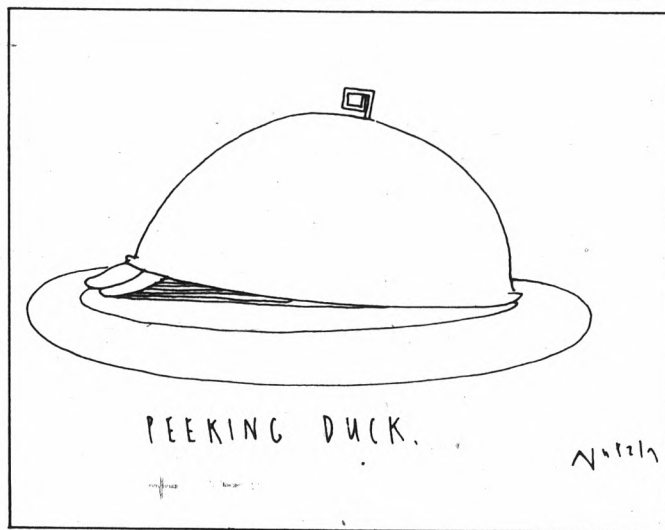
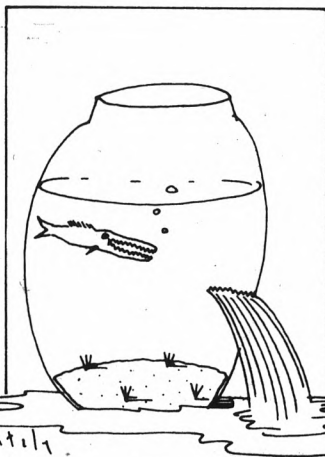
mits. It came from a character he was drawing for a late Sixties underground newspaper called the *Balloon*. His other artist friends had pen names, so he took one, too.

"At first I was uncomfortable with the name," he says. "It's really silly and my art isn't always that silly. But in another way, it's part of the plan. It gets me further than my real name would, and it's become sort of a trademark. Then there's the question of how much of my real personality do I want to expose. I'm not really sure, but Nutzle takes the pressure off."

After a morning cup of coffee strong enough to launch a rocket ("Why drink four or five cups to get going," he says, "when you can drink only one?"), Nutzle leads a visitor to the barn in back of his house that serves as his studio. "It's perfect back here," he says. "I have nobody banging on my door. In fact, sometimes I wish the phone would ring just to make something happen."

A quick glance around reveals the helter-skelter atmosphere of a childhood that wouldn't let go. The walls are covered with posters and paintings. Stereo speakers hang from the loft, usually blaring out the jazz of Charlie Parker or John Coltrane while Nutzle works. An HO-scale train set complete with miniature tracks, bushes and houses, sits in one corner. On a nearby shelf is a lineup of about 15 Hawaiian hula-girl dolls, with nodding spring heads. "Great for monitoring earthquakes," Nutzle says. A glass case by the trains contains an extensive array of Hopalong Cassidy collectibles. And overhead, a pair of gymnast rings dangle from the ceiling.

Somewhere in this conglomeration is an artist's table where Nutzle works. But the room also serves as a study,



where Nutzle has collected literally hundreds of books on cartoonists he admires. Shelves lined with names like Otto Soglow (creator of "The Little King"), George Herriman ("Krazy Kat"), Charles Addams and Rube Goldberg.

In rapid succession he takes out old *New Yorkers* from the war years, an issue of *American Artist* dated 1948 with a Saul Steinberg drawing on the cover and even some old *EC* horror comics. The book collection is the result of doggedly attending swap meets and scouring antique shops and garage sales.

As he turns the pages of a book, the cartoonist becomes animated himself, obviously enjoying the works of the past masters. "These books on cartoons say just about everything," Nutzle says. "They poke fun at the rich, at people who are successful, at the middle class and at the poor."

He opens a cabinet in the room's center and takes out a huge box containing the drawings that will compose his next book. Like a father holding a baby, he carefully displays a few of his latest sketches. The influence of the older styles Nutzle studies is obvious, like tracing one's lineage on a family tree, similar yet different. "I think the older times, like the Fifties, were more interesting than the present. For that reason all my cartoons have funky old buildings and huge cars, plus modern things. I see a real contrast between the old and new."

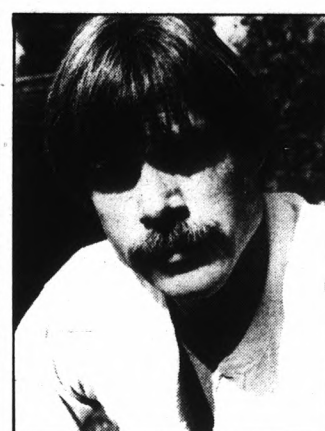
Describing Nutzle's drawings is no easy task. Their humor often relies on

puns, double and triple entendres. He'll sketch "news anchormen" as just that—people with anchors for heads. A "sandwich" is drawn as two pieces of bread with sand overflowing out the sides. An illustration of "body building" will be a structure shaped like a body. On a good day, Nutzle will concoct up to a dozen sketches, using his right hand, then sign his name using his left, to give it a child-like quality.

Oftentimes there is no joke, per se, his purpose being to simply create an image that stays with the reader for no other reason than being interesting to look at. Spare and to the point, his sketches look like the absent-minded doodling one might do while talking on the phone. Nutzle himself acknowledges his shortcomings as an artist. "It's not what you'd call a real slick approach," he admits.

"The style is derived from my being unable to sit at a table for hours and hours. I hate that. I usually find that the successful drawings are just about finished before I even realize that I sat down to draw them. Something will be twirling in my brain and when it finally starts to jell, I'll sketch it. If the sketch is legible and has something going for it, I consider it a success."

The closest Nutzle comes to using a character is his version of Everyman, a figure who wears a blank expression and has three hairs coming out of his head. That person, he says, is his fantasy counterpart. "Who else could it be but me?" he asks. "But I don't want to get caught in the trap of having a particular character. It keeps changing. I



don't want to draw a Snoopy five million times in my life."

If Nutzle's Everyman is a befuddled figure often confronted by strange circumstance, perhaps it is because his own life has been a jumble of mixed experiences and extensive travel. Nutzle was born Bruce Kleinsmith in 1942 in Cleveland, Ohio. His father was killed during World War II's Battle of the Bulge, and his mother remarried, giving him a step-brother and -sister.

He held different jobs as he grew, working in a foundry, driving a truck, cutting weeds along highways, landing his first painting job at 17. "Painting a bridge silver was my first masterpiece," he says. Nutzle's first published drawings, caricatures of teachers and friends, appeared in his high school paper.

When he entered Ohio State University he was still uncertain about what career he wanted to pursue. That changed when he saw the first real painting he'd ever seen hanging in a university gallery. "Watching the canvas, the weight of the painting, and watching it vibrate when I pushed it—that did it. I was completely intrigued. It was there I decided that I wanted to be an artist."

After dropping out of Ohio State, he attended two other art schools, the Cooper School of Art and the Cleveland Art Institute, before deciding he wasn't the school type. He dropped out of college for good and moved to Fort Lauderdale. Returning to Ohio for a brief fling as a commercial artist, Nutzle next realized that he wasn't cut out to lead a normal 9 to 5 existence. His next stop was Lake Tahoe, where he worked for a hotel removing money from slot machines. After brief stays in San Francisco and Santa Cruz, Nutzle settled in the Monterey Valley area in 1975 with his wife of six years, Laura, and their young son, Adrian.

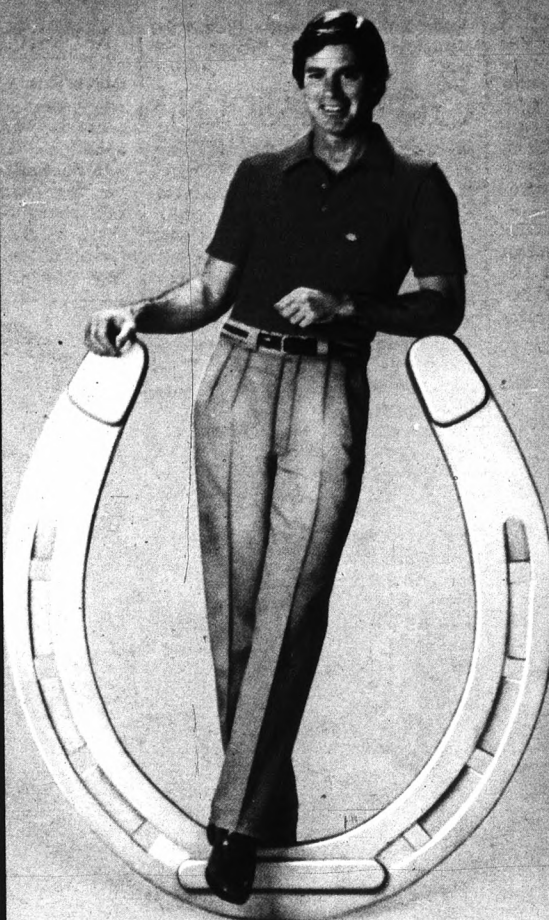
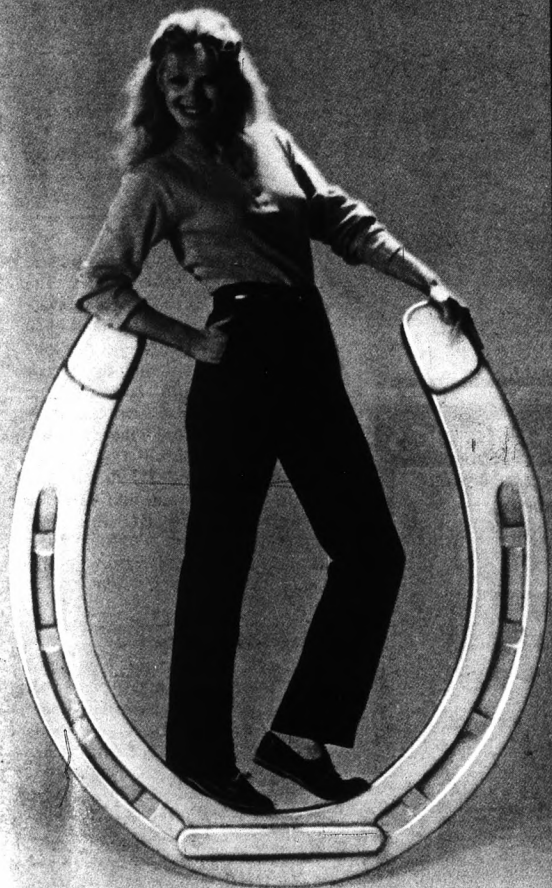
Which brings us back to this tinker toy of a town, so simple and unexciting, it looks like a cartoon that Nutzle might have sketched. "Yes, I like it here," says Nutzle as he leads a visitor to his car. "It's unaffected. There isn't a cute little coffee shop where hip people go to hobnob with their friends. The birds don't have Tupperware parties in the garden. It's the lack of distractions that give me my inspiration."

Just the spot for a cartoonist to spend the rest of his days, right? "No," says Nutzle, with part of that inert strangeness resurfacing. "I'll only stay here about five more years." A mysterious grin crosses his face. "After that I'll move even further away from civilization."







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